

From Fraser's Magazine.

MORVEN: A MANUSCRIPT.

THE length of time that has elapsed since the events recorded in the following pages took place, has induced the editor to publish a manuscript originally written for one of the family, in which occurred, towards the end of the last century, one of the most distressing histories that darken the domestic annals of Scotland. The narrative is simply and truthfully told by one who appears to have held a situation combining the duties and advantages of a *gouvernante* and poor cousin. The name of Morven has been substituted for the original one by the editor.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF MRS. MARY MORVEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER CHILDREN,

BY E. H. S.

Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

He that hateth his brother is a murderer.

In the month of September, 1793, it pleased God, in his mysterious and adorable providence, to remove from this changing world, Mary, the relict of George Morven, and only daughter of John Gordon, a gentleman possessing an estate of a considerable value in the Border country.

She left three children,—

George Gordon Morven, aged ten years.

William John Morven, aged eight years.

Mary Jane Morven, aged six years.

And for the consideration and benefit of those children in their future life, and especially when they shall come to their death-beds, as well as to preserve the memory of a lady so sorely tried and so truly excellent, the following particulars of her character, of her God-fearing submission to the will of her heavenly Father, and the very, very dreadful trial wherewith it pleased the Lord to afflict her in her married life, are set down by one who knew her in the early days of youthful enjoyment, and in the godly sorrow of her later years; and if this paper by any accident shall fall aside, amidst the uncertainty of human affairs, and shall afterwards be recovered by any of the children above named; or if they, or any of them, knowing of this paper, shall have wilfully overlooked it, or carelessly perused it, but shall afterwards come to themselves, and through some sickness or otherwise, be led to peruse it again; may the blessing of God's almighty grace so accompany the perusal, that what is here stated may be truly useful to them.

The spot where Mrs. Morven spent the first years of her life is one of the most secluded in the south of Scotland. The green hills are only tenanted by the few flocks of sheep that feed over the uplands, bare of trees, but lovely in the eyes

of those who, like Mrs. Morven, loved the peace and stillness of a pastoral land.

Little children, it is for you I write, for you I set down, while fresh in my mind, the words, the deeds, and the sins of the dead; and in doing so, I fulfil a sacred promise to her who loved you as none will ever love you again.

Mrs. Morven was an only child; her mother died when she was seven years old; and one twelvemonth after that lady's decease (which was somewhat unexpected) I was received into the family of Mr. John Gordon. Mrs. Morven was at that time a very beautiful little child, with the hair and eyes that I have always since imagined belong to the angels of heaven. She was educated with great interest and tender care. In music, which she understood scientifically, she was at the age of sixteen a great proficient. She knew the French language, and spoke it readily and correctly; and she wrote in English with very great ease, and with such propriety of expression as is rarely to be met with in a native of Scotland. The collection of letters in the clasped volume afford many instances of this. Her perception of the ludicrous in action and character was strong, and had her good sense, and in after years her Christian principle, allowed her to indulge in satire, she might have excelled in that species of composition. When she suffered herself to indulge in it at all, it was in the confidential letters addressed to her father, "her dear good father," to whom from her earliest infancy she had been dutifully and fondly attached.

In writing to this most tender parent she unbosoms her whole self, and makes use of every variety of expression to signify her extreme regard and filial affection. "You are good beyond description," see No. 9 of the letters in the clasped volume. "I feel thankful that there is such a person in the world," see No. 20 of the said letters. "I wish I could tell you how much I love you." And her usual signature was, "Your Mary," or "Your own Mary."

The childhood and youth of Mrs. Morven were passed uninterruptedly in her father's house, with the exception of several visits to her uncle, her mother's brother, for many years professor of the Greek language in the College of Glasgow. At the earnest request of this amiable and respected gentleman, Mrs. Morven went at three different times to visit him and his excellent lady. On these occasions I accompanied Miss Gordon, as she was then called. I was, I hope I may without boasting say, useful to her. I knew how to arrange her hair, head-dresses, and wearing apparel, in the way most agreeable and suitable to herself; and I have never had in this world a pleasure so

great as the affectionate acknowledgments I never failed to receive after any service I was so happy as to succeed in performing.

Let me endeavor, little children, to give you some idea of the early days of your mother. She rose early, and not unfrequently were her footsteps on the hill when the sun had hardly arisen from behind it—she loved the tranquil hours and the dew of the morning. With a book (for she never loved idleness of thought) she would go, and, seated alone on the hill-side, she would read over and over again the tale-books which she loved best. It passed not unnoticed by me that her tastes rested most fondly on the improbable but very beautiful stories of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the very interesting History of Robinson Crusoe, and several books of old-fashioned ballads, in which I wondered to see her take so much and so great a pleasure, I myself preferring the more modern songs, with words of sacred verse, so beautifully adapted by Mr. Handel.

In all the interests of a life spent in the country Miss Gordon took the liveliest pleasure, and even delight. She was a fearless horse-woman, and did not hesitate to ride fifteen, nay, twenty, miles in the course of an afternoon. I do not remember to have ever thought of any creature more beautiful than the one whom my eyes have seen, day after day, spring from her father's arms to the back of a noble horse, purchased and carefully trained expressly for her use and benefit.

It was in the winter of the year 17—, that we first departed on a visit to the professor and his lady. They were a childless pair, and ardently desired to enjoy the society of so amiable, lively, and affectionate a relative as they found their niece, Miss Gordon, unaffectedly to be.

I do not know, my little children, if you have ever seen the place of which I am about to speak. It is a great, and I had almost said a gloomy, edifice; but this last expression would be ill-applied by me to a spot where I received such repeated marks of hospitality and kindness. We arrived at the portals of that massive building late after a long and fatiguing day in the mail-coach, which conveyed us from the country to the city of Glasgow, on the 13th of December. The court in which resided the professors was of so grave and formal a character, as almost to lead my imagination to the accounts I had frequently read of the retreats of monastic seclusion. In that paved court there were the silence and retirement of those who only live to read, it appeared to me. It was quite late when we arrived; lights burned in some windows. I was very glad when we came into the warm low room, where there was some comfortable supper, and where we found the professor and his good lady waiting to welcome us.

We were not long of finding ourselves at home, and every arrangement was made to ensure our comfort. The following day was Sunday—the Sabbath was kept as the Lord's day indeed—there were no youths straying idly about the courts—and we attended divine service at the cathedral church.

I had never seen so fine a building to the praise of God before. The discourse was excellent, and we returned to afternoon church. My little boys, there will never come any good of breaking the Sabbath. "Speak not your own words, think not your own thoughts," as saith the prophet, on that day of rest and prayer. This paper contains the true story of one whose dreadful fate may you avoid; and whose poor soul may God forgive for the sin committed in the flesh! Read my words attentively.

It was next morning that I was walking along that court with Miss Mary Gordon on one hand, and on the other the professor, when I saw coming quickly towards us a youth of eighteen. He was dressed in a scarlet robe, which forms the academical dress of the youth of that college. I never saw a finer figure; and when he drew near I equally admired a face which I must call beautiful. He looked very noble, and as if his thoughts were always such as he might have told to every one. His face was pale, but, for my part, I must confess, I have never admired pink cheeks on the manly countenance.

We stopped.

"Well, Charlie," said the professor.

"Sir, I have this to give you."

He handed a letter with a grace unequalled by any stage-player I ever remember to have seen. He waited for an answer. His eyes passed over the face of Miss Gordon, and then sought the ground. He looked up at me, and then I remember up at the sky, for some drops of rain began to fall.

"We can't stop now in the shower," said the professor. "Dine with me to-day; or sup at nine; if that suits you."

"Thank you, I will come," said the young gentleman.

"Who is that?" inquired Miss Gordon.

"Grahame of ———'s second son; a young man likely to make a figure in the world, if he's spared."

"Indeed! Is he clever?"

"Very," replied her uncle.

That evening he came—he came at the appointed time. He spoke on business first, and then he spoke to the ladies; and he spoke to me. I need not say more than that he was a very elegant-mannered and modest young gentleman. He was, I found out afterwards, (and I may as well recount it here,) the second son of a poor but very pious gentleman in the north, who wished to make him a minister of the Presbyterian church, but to this the young gentleman had objections, to which here I need not allude more particularly. He wished to make his fortune as a lawyer, or in the line of an ambassador's secretary, I believe. Alas! dear children, I knew not then how dreadful a tale I was yet to relate on his account. Now read attentively.

I shall not recount any of our doings in the city at the first time of visiting it. Suffice it to say, that we left it with regret. Yet, how can I say with regret, when we returned to a home so suited to our wishes as that of dear Mr. John Gordon!

It was not until the year 17— that we returned

once more to visit the professor. I thought my young lady was more than pleased to go; and as we set off she said—

"Ellen, I wonder shall we see the gentleman that you admire?"

I replied, "I had never presumed to say I admired him, and that I hoped she would not lead him to suppose I had disrespectfully spoken of his looks."

She laughed her own dear laugh, and we arrived safe once more.

I loved that great court, it was so still—like the silence of a great mind, I imagined. I know not why I felt the sky above that long court look more solemn than in any other place I had yet seen. I have never been a traveller, so I may be excused for thinking over-much of this building. I have only been once in London; would God, my dear children, that my necessity had never led me there!

We went to some entertainments given by persons of distinction; but feasting and drinking were too much the chief objects of meeting to enable us to enjoy the treats offered for our pleasure. Not but that we felt grateful for the intention which dictated the invitations given to us on several occasions.

Do you remember your mother? She was a very beautiful young lady at this time. She had a voice like a clear bell, and after supper-parties she was asked to sing; and then she would sit and sing very delightful songs, especially the "Flowers of the forest," "The gypsies cam' to our lord's yett." Ah! dear children, those songs were admired by many ladies and gentlemen, and I feel sure by none more truly than by Mr. Charles Graham. He could sing, too, but seldom could be prevailed on even by the entreaties of the whole company.

Those were pleasant days—days of pure joy, and hours with no anxiety. Such times, however, can never last long for the vain children of a perishing earth. May the Lord, of His goodness, prevent us from murmuring or complaining because we may have lost the desire of our eyes! Mourn not for anything but the sin which separates between us and our God.

The night before we left the town I was in my dear young lady's room putting things into a box, ready for our departure, when she entered. She had in her hand a letter, and she looked at me.

"Ah, Nelly!" she said.

"What?" I said.

"You know what this is!" said she.

"No," said I.

"Well then, Nelly, I shall not tell you;" and she put the letter away.

I never saw it again, but I would have given all the money I ever had to know what was in it; but my heart beat so very fast that I could not speak, and I went on with my work. We went home, and Miss Gordon was very happy. She would sit at nights and tell her father such very amusing histories—things that had not made me

laugh when they were transacted, but which appeared so very droll when she told them in her own lively style. She would imitate the ways and the words of cross old men; and their speeches became melodious in her mouth. I wonder why she was so much more beautiful than every one else.

Well, time passed on, but, I know not how, I wearied to return to the books I had read in the city. I had heard and read things of which before I had had no idea—none at all. The learned, my dear children, have much enjoyment, for which they should thank their heavenly Father; but I am afraid many people become vain and proud of their learning. This is very sad.

It was pleasant autumn weather when we again went to visit my young lady's kind friends. It was curious, but I felt, I remember very distinctly, a great feeling of sadness and distrust when again we set off for the north. However, we arrived again in safety; and I never saw my dear young lady more lively than the day after our arrival, when we went to walk on the green. That was a place of very fashionable resort of a summer's evening. Well-dressed gentlefolk walked up and down, and much gay company we met. That fine evening in September, there were some gentlemen of the regiment then stationed in Glasgow walking up and down enjoying the fresh air, and taking some notice of the gentry who were spending the afternoon in the same manner. It was not until the third turn which we had taken that two gentlemen drew near, and one of them addressed our hostess in a tone which showed he was more a friend than a mere acquaintance. At his side stood a gentleman, tall, not young, but with a face and air of commanding dignity. My dear children, this gentleman was your father. You know the picture that hangs in the yellow room at your home—that picture is very like your father the first day that I saw him. I need not describe him to you, but I must tell you that his manners were proud and haughty. I write to you, dear children, as if you would be little ones still when you read this, though this paper will not reach your hands until each of you attains the age of seventeen—a time of life when, by God's blessing, I hope you may profit by the dreadful story too truly related by me, your old friend.

Your father spoke to Miss Gordon. The first words that I ever heard him say, were—

"Then India would suit your tastes!"

They were speaking of the extraordinary warmth of the weather, and Miss Gordon had expressed a great love of beautiful hot summer weather. After this we walked on. I walked at my young lady's side; and in this manner I heard much of the conversation that passed between her and your father. He spoke of his travels; he spoke in a tone that made you listen to him, and wonder what more he might have to say. His eyes were rich blue, his hair was sprinkled with gray. He was quite old enough to have been your grandfather. When we returned home, my young lady said—

"I wonder if Major Morven was ever married?"

I thought it was a very odd question; but there were some things that I never answered, and this was one. Next day Major Morven called, and he was admitted. He came in, and he sat for a long time. He spoke of some wild doings in India, and my young lady's eyes glittered like stars. I do not know why women are so fond of those who have seen deeds of blood, but after he was gone Miss Gordon clasped her hands and cried,—

"Agamemnon!"

The professor laughed; but I hardly understood what she meant. One week had not passed before Major Morven brought some rich Indian ornaments to show Miss Gordon. She permitted him to put a gold bangle on her slender ankle; and I was surprised to see how very much pleased she was. He had many other ornaments, some bracelets, rings, and two handsome nose jewels. One day he came alone. I was in my chamber above the drawing-room, but I heard a man's step and voice, and I descended into the room, where I found the pair. I had brought my work in my hand, and sat down with my back to the lady and gentleman, as I did not wish to act the part of a spy, however much I desired to hear of what they might be conversing about.

"Tell me," said she, "all that has ever happened to you."

He did not at first comply, and she repeated her wish. He spoke then for some twenty minutes, I dare say. His voice was deep and even, but there was always that in his manner that made me tremble, even when he smiled. Your father's history was one of great interest even to me, stranger as I was to him then. I cannot remember all that he said in his own words; he spoke in a peculiar manner. Let me say to you, my dear George, that, little boy as you are now, I see already in you much of your father's character, and I must add, overbearing passions. The world's voice hereafter will not let you remain in ignorance of his crimes and his fate. His father had been a man of property, who had forfeited lands and life in the cause of the Stuart family. The younger branches had been left quite destitute; and Major Morven, at the early age of seventeen, had entered the service of the French king. It was in India that he first began a military life. He had landed at Pondicherry, and was there induced to embrace the profession to which, from a youth, his heart had most inclined. Expatriated, homeless, banished, he expressed in strong terms his former rooted aversion and hatred to the very name of Great Britain. He hated the very language that he spoke. He wished, he said, to forget that he owed his birth to the vile and treacherous land of slaves and traitors. He had marched up the country to the siege of Arcot, and on the last day of the siege he was left for dead on the field. He was, however, saved and taken prisoner; and the heroic character and great achievements of the English general, Clive, aroused in him a love of his country, which was not extinct, but only lay

dormant for a while. He now entered the English service; his heart was full of that daring courage which made him appear more like a hero than an ordinary mortal, in the eyes of her with whom he had now to do. I listened to his speeches, they were not like those of other men. At last he went away. Miss Gordon said, when he was gone, that he "was the last flower of knighthood, the last relic of chivalry." She liked to speak like a book sometimes, yet I will say that Major Morven was one of the noblest-looking gentlemen I ever saw.

I was not surprised when I heard, one short week afterwards, that he had asked Miss Gordon to become his wife. I expected that, but I did not expect that she would have married him. There was a great commotion in the house; the professor was very much displeased; his good lady said that she thought him astonishingly forward, and my young lady said not a word. Her father was applied to, and his letter was the first grief which his daughter had to sustain in this world. He refused to hear a word on the subject. Major Morven was unsuited to his daughter, he asserted, in every way—in age, prospects, character, and income. Miss Gordon was commanded to return home without loss of time. She was, however, once more to see Major Morven. He came, and I was to be present at their interview. Miss Gordon handed him, with many tears, her father's letter. He, on that occasion, first gave vent to the very awful passions of which he, indeed, appeared to be at times the helpless victim. It seemed a strange thing to me that my dear young lady did not from that moment give up all idea of uniting her life with his, but, on the contrary, I am sure she loved him a great deal better from that very day.

We returned home, but all happiness was over for us; tears and sleepless nights replaced the pleasant days of joy and peace. Dear Mr. John Gordon knew not what to say, or what to do. He informed me that Major Morven was a man whose character for violence and lawlessness was too well known to permit of any engagement betwixt him and Miss Gordon. "She must forget him," he would say. I repeated this to my young lady. She smiled with some scorn on her face, and said,—

"Yes, when I meet with his equal!"

I never saw more complete self-dependence on private judgment than in the case of my dear lady.

This went on till towards the end of the year. The new-year time drew on, and matters looked no better. On the 27th of December I went out, having occasion to visit a woman to whom we gave such things as she stood in need of. I walked over the moor, and reached the cottage of Nanny. That old woman, my dear children, is dead now; and I am happy that she did not live to know the grief and sorrow that befell her young mistress in after times. When I came in I found her alone; she was sitting neat her fire of peat. I sat down beside her, and after some conversation I told her that I thought there was something on her mind. She replied,—

"It's no for naething that my mind's ill at ease."

She laid her cheek on her hand, and finding that she remained silent I rose to go away. She followed me to the door, and looked out over the hills; the night was gathering; heavy clouds were sweeping up from the east.

"We are going to have a storm from that quarter," I said.

"Ay, ay," said she. "It will no be lang or ye see waur things moving frae east to wast."

She pointed slowly along a line in the hills, and I understood her meaning. Now it was getting darker and darker. I had to walk a mile and a half over the moor. I do not tell you that I was afraid; but my mind was very much solemnized by what I had just heard. You know, my dear children, that foolish people in the northern parts of Scotland wickedly imagine that on them is conferred a gift called "Second Sight," by which they are enabled to discern the death and burial of their neighbors and friends. Now this gift is clearly a delusion of the devil, and may be classed under the head of witchcrafts and sorceries; but what I am now going to relate was a direct interposition of Providence, to prepare my mind for what was soon (as you will see) to follow. Well, I walked on rather quickly, and though, as I before said, I was not frightened, my mind was solemnized, and I said a prayer that I had long been accustomed to use at odd times when I was alone, and not happy in my spirit. Hardly had I concluded it, when I saw a faint but steady light arise and pass slowly along the brow of the hill. That light, my children, was borne by no mortal hands; it is a gracious and mild warning given to those about to depart, for that ghostly flame tracks out the path that the next funeral will have to go; and that night of the 27th of December it passed over the road from our house to the kirkyard of Liddelsburn. My heart grew very faint when I questioned who it might be that was about to depart. I did not feel that I was ready for that celestial company, which I imagined must be very near, though all unseen by me. I stopped quite still until I remembered that Davie (our boy) had been ailing for some time, and that it might be for him that the summons had been intended. My heart was lighter soon (so selfish are we;) I said another prayer, and thought of those "good tidings of great joy" which were first divulged to man in the fields by night. I reached home and said not a word of all that I had seen. I asked frequently as to the state of health of all in our house; but all the establishment, masters and servants, (including Davie,) were in very good health on the morning of Sunday the 2nd of January. We went to divine service that day, though the snow was thick on the ground. The prayer of Hezekiah for life was expounded by our minister. This was another clear and very gracious warning to us all; but my heart had become hardened, and I imagined that my previous feelings had been truly superstitious. We assembled at family prayer at half

past nine; it was the concluding praise of the day, and dear Mr. John Gordon had just risen up to pronounce a blessing, when he hesitated, staggered, and fell down speechless. My wickedness and unbelief were humbled, you see, my dear children, for your dear grandfather never spoke again. I will not tell you how dreadful were the screams of myself and the rest of the women, nor of the sad, sad days that preceded and followed the funeral. Just ten days after I had seen the warning lights on the hill, the corpse followed the track of that light to the grave. These things are meant for our reproof and instruction.

Miss Gordon now found that her fortune consisted of ten thousand pounds of money, but no lands or houses were hers. The estates were entailed on a distant male relation. Now it is a gospel truth that woman is the weaker vessel, but I see not why she should not inherit the home of her fathers, if it hath not pleased the Lord to give a son as well as a daughter. But I am only stating a private opinion.

Miss Gordon was to stay three months at her own house, and then decide on her future habitation, which I, of course, imagined would be in her uncle's house, where she had so often been received with pleasure. Six weeks after Mr. John Gordon's death, she wrote a long letter, and sent it to the post without my seeing the direction, though I would have given all the money that I ever had to have seen the name of the person she thus favored. Weeks passed on, and I was left alone with my young lady. In May we were to go to the professor's house as our home. In the mean time he was engaged in the city, and his good lady did not feel the wish to venture so far from him, seeing that he loved her company, and that they had no children in whose society she might have left him.

One morning in the month of April—quite early, when I was lying asleep—my slumbers were disturbed by some one entering my room. I started up, and there before me I saw Miss Gordon. She was dressed in a plain white gown, with white ribands on her head and breast, and in her hand she held white gloves. She smiled when she saw that I could not speak; no, not so much as say one word.

"Dear Ellen, I am going to be married this morning. I bring you your gloves. Major Morven arrives here in an hour with a clergyman of the Church of England. You must be my bridesmaid. Quick! rise and dress, but say nothing."

She walked out of the room, leaving me speechless. I took up the gloves. One of them contained a promise for a hundred pounds, and a letter, so kind that I cried for a long time after I had read it, although I was very angry and also very much frightened. I did not know what to do when Major Morven should arrive. Was I to forbid his entering the house? The house was not mine; and, indeed, he might bring soldiers with him; and, moreover, a priest of an opposite belief, who, with a ring and some prayers, would soon

have put me in the unlawful position of desiring to separate a man and his wife.

So I put on patience, and at the appointed hour I left my room; at the top of the turret-stair I paused, for I heard voices beneath the adjoining window. Major Morven had arrived. His servant held a bay horse by the bridle; a chaise-and-four stood at the door; that servant, James Mackintosh, was making signals to the servant girls, who were tittering at his broad jests. I heard him sing thus:—

Fie! let us a' to the wedding,
For there will be liting there;
For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

I desired that the window might be shut, for I saw that he was an impudent fellow. I went down and found Major Morven alone with a gentleman in the dress of a priest. I courtesied, and Major Morven shook hands with me kindly. On a table lay an open prayer-book, a white linen cloth was spread beneath it, and not three minutes after my young lady came in alone. Not one word was said. She was very pale, but she stood up and beckoned to me to stand behind her. I did so, and I had thus an opportunity of hearing the marriage-service as established by the Church of England. I thought the words were very lovely, and I felt gratified to think that I might consider myself as one of those addressed as "Dearly beloved." They were married, and only stopping to take one glass of wine and a slice of seed-cake; my young lady retired with me for one instant, wrapped round her dress a silk mantle, and desired that one box, packed by herself, should be put into the chaise. She then told me that I was to arrange everything; money was left to pay and discharge the servants; I was to pack her wardrobe and valuables, and rejoin her and her husband in Edinburgh on the tenth day after the one on which she left us so unexpectedly.

This is the true account of your father and mother's marriage. I prayed to God that night with many tears for her that now is gone to rest.

Better to weep with those who weep,
And share the afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys
Which cheat and wound the heart.

* * * * *

I met your parents in Edinburgh; I found that it was settled that I was in future to reside with them. I was beyond measure happy to find myself under Mrs. Morven's roof. She was looking as happy as if all this frail earth can give were hers.

"Is he not kind?" was her continual question.

I once replied, "He would be a monster if he were not." But I do not think this pleased Mrs. Morven, so foolish are we, poor human beings, when we are too fond.

Little children, in the world that is yet to come there will neither be marrying nor giving in mar-

riage; there will be no soul loved more than another. Is it not, then, a vain and ungodly desire that leads our hearts to long for the sole worship and single love of another, as weak and miserable as we are ourselves?

Six months after Mrs. Morven's marriage, Major Morven left the army. With the money that his wife had brought him in marriage, he purchased a small property in the Highlands; and, in the month of October, we removed to the house which is now your home.

Very beautiful your dear mother thought her new dwelling; and, indeed, in this she was not deceived. Great mountains lie, you know, around the valley where you were born; and you will find a letter in the clasped volume (No. 70) addressed to her beloved uncle, in which she expatiates in very warm terms on the beauty and loveliness of her home. Thus, she says—"Truly the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places. My dear uncle, I wish you could see the glory that surrounds my Highland home. On all sides stand the everlasting hills; to the south lies a lake like a costly mirror; and in this fine autumn weather the woods of Ardmore are glittering in a garniture of crimson and gold." Again, she says, in No. 80 of the clasped volume—"May my dearest George be as sensible as he should be of the existence and fatherly care of Him who has adorned this earth as a temple fit for His worship."

One year after your parents' marriage, you, my dear little George, were born. I received you into my arms, and have loved you dearly ever since. Your father and mother thought no one worth looking at but you. They saw no company; they lived for each other, and thought but of this present world and its engrossing loves. It is written, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. Whoso loveth the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Now there are many ways of loving the world too fondly; to adore any of God's perishing creatures is a sin, and a provoking of our heavenly Father's wrath. More and more did Mrs. Morven love and worship the idol she had chosen. All things must give way to him. His passions, when he would strike a servant to the earth for a word, were in her eyes but a breath not worthy of being noticed. My children, remember you my words—no man who willingly lets his wrath daily get the better of his tongue and his temper, can feel sure that at the last he may not fall under the condemnation of Cain—"Whosoever sayeth, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

It was in the autumn that your father went out shooting one day. On returning, he found that one of the servants had lamed a favorite horse, I believe by some carelessness. His brow grew as black as a thunder-cloud. He swore, and struck the man to the ground. It was a savage and wicked thing. I ran to Mrs. Morven; I spoke with warmth; I told her to speak as she alone could to her husband. She excused him.

Time passed on. You two younger children

were born. They were denied nothing by their heavenly Father. Why were not the fear and the love of God in their hearts? They forgot Him, and He laughed in the day of their calamity. In the year 1788, in the autumn of that year, we heard that the house of the duke (the great house beyond Ardmore) was to be furnished and got ready for the reception of his grace, and the duchess, and their guests. The noble party arrived in the middle of September, and some very modish people from England came likewise. Now, at no time since their marriage had Major and Mrs. Morven entered into society, and it was not at first their wish to accept any invitations; but on the second of October there was to be a great entertainment given by the duke, to which the whole neighborhood were invited. The sports were to take place in the open air, and at nightfall there were to be dances performed by torchlight in a tent, for the house is not a very large one, as you know. Your mother took me with her. She was dressed that day in a suit of slight mourning, for her aunt had died some months before. You, Mary, were then one year old. It was two o'clock when the company assembled. I had never seen so noble an assembly before. Her grace was dressed in a green velvet riding-habit, and a black hat and green plume. Your father was in the dress of a Highland gentleman; he frequently wore that apparel, and I thought it became his figure and suited his martial appearance. Before they set off that day Mrs. Morven came into the room where her husband was, and said that she had received an invitation to sleep at the house of one Mr. Macfarlane, whose property lay between that of the duke and Major Morven. He was to give beds likewise to some gentlemen who were not already provided for at the duke's mansion. Major and Mrs. Morven were to stay there, and I was to occupy a small closet in which I had before slept when staying with Mr. Macfarlane and his lady. We set off, and arrived at the appointed place at two. There were foot-races, games of wrestling, and running, and the time passed very gayly and agreeably. At five a meal was prepared for high and low, and as I took my place I saw, not far from the spot which I occupied, a face which I remembered well, though it had not been seen by me for several years. It was Mr. Grahame's—handsomer, darker, more manly, but still the same noble expression. He recognized us and bowed. His manners appeared to me so elegant that I thought all men seemed coarse and rude beside him. He had travelled, my dear children, which confers a polish of superior brilliancy on the individual who has enjoyed the privilege. He was speaking, and every one was listening to him.

You must know, that in that year of 1788 there had been a famous trial in London. I know not the truths of the case, but it appears that one Mr. Hastings had oppressed and cruelly injured the natives of India. He had used great tortures to extract money and jewels from Indian queens and

princes. He had returned home with coffers of gold and caskets of diamonds; one of his rooms was filled to the roof with rupees, (that silver coin which you have in the little cedar-wood box which smells so sweet,) and I cannot tell you all the dreadful things which this Mr. Hastings had done. Now Mr. Grahame was at this time secretary to an earl in great place and power, and he had been one of the spectators in Westminster Hall when Mr. Hastings was brought before judges and accused before all England for his unjust wickedness. There was that day some difference of opinion as to whether this gentleman were guilty of all the crimes laid to his charge. Mr. Grahame spoke very beautifully. He said that the blood of India cried to Heaven against us; that the Oriental pagantry of those who returned from the East laden with the spoils of the innocent was the fact that weighed most heavily in the balance. He spoke of the gentle and dusky daughters of Indian royalty oppressed, and tortured, and despoiled; and there was a murmur of approbation when he ceased. I looked at Major Morven. He looked contemptuously on the speaker, and angrily contradicted the accusation of cruelty. He spoke, I suppose, as many soldiers would think it right to speak. He talked of the necessity of blood-shedding, and justified every effort to crush the rebellious feelings of the natives.

"India is ours by the right of conquest," he cried; "ours by the sword, ours by the blood shed for its possession. It is well for you idle men, to sit at home and speak your fine orations on what you never saw."

Mrs. Morven laid her hand on his arm, he pushed it away, and continued to speak very quickly. The duchess said—

"Come, come, gentlemen, no more, if you please. It is time to begin dancing."

She rose from table, and we all followed. We went into a large tent adorned with the antlers of deer, with flags, and with evergreens, lighted by torches of flaming pine-branches, and the bagpipes struck up a strathspey. It was past eleven before we left the tent on our way to the house where we were to sleep; the night was fine, the glory of God shone in the sky, and the air of the hills was like the very breath of an angel. There was supper at Mr. Macfarlane's. He was a man given to much wine, and we left the gentlemen to sup alone. I was sitting in an upper room in my night dress, for it was now past one. I heard very loud talking; I ran to the head of the stair. I was very much frightened, and there was a great confusion near the dining-room, loud voices, words of rage, and at last a silence and a shot—a scream—and I ran to Mrs. Morven's room. She was almost undressed, but tried to reach the door: she fainted with the dreadful fear which took possession of her heart. I knew not which way to turn, but at last a servant came to the door.

"What is it!—what is it?" I cried.

"The gentlemen have been fighting!"

"At that moment a sound of shuffling step

came up the stair, and, telling the woman to see after Mrs. Morven, I went to ascertain the truth. I entered the room where lay on a bed, surrounded by the people of the house, the unfortunate victim of your father's wrath and cruel rage. Mr. Grahame lay, his clothes dabbled in blood. Pointing to the place where stood Major Morven, he said twice, very earnestly—

"You're a bad man, Morven, you're a bad man; you murdered me; you fired before I was ready!"

I can never describe the horror of that night; the daybreak found us all round the corpse, whispering and wondering as to the fate of the murderer.

It was at first vain to persuade Major Morven to fly; he considered himself in no manner of danger from the laws of the country; and it was not until his wife fell on her knees before him that he would go. At last he fled—with no signs, however, of fear, remorse, or dread. He said that he had been insulted, and had taken the revenge of a gentleman.

We returned home the following day. You asked, my dear children, why papa did not come home—you wondered why he was so long of returning, for a month passed over and we heard no news of him. At last, late one evening in December, a man arrived on horseback. He brought a letter from Major Morven, who was in Scotland, and proposed returning home as if nothing had happened. Two days after he came. I can never describe the rapture of his return. You must remember his arrival, all of you! Not one week after that Mrs. Morven received an anonymous letter; this contained an earnest warning to Major Morven to fly, for there was a warrant out to arrest him. Every hour he was in danger, and if once arrested there was no saying what the end might be. No attention was paid to this. On the 13th of December, 1788, we were seated at supper at nine o'clock, when footsteps were heard on the stair. Six men entered, and laid hold of Major Morven. He knocked down one man, but was then handcuffed like a malefactor, and conveyed down stairs. In ten minutes he was out of the house on the way to Inverness. There he was lodged in the county gaol, and the whole country was in anxiety to witness the end of these things. Mrs. Morven was more indignant than frightened: no harm, she thought, could happen: it was no business of the government to meddle in private quarrels; so she held herself above the fears that distracted my heart unceasingly. We went to Inverness, and had lodgings in the town. Every day we stayed with Major Morven, but he was fretting at the confinement he endured with very little patience.

It was in the spring of the year that he was tried. The day drew near, and his counsel attended him. The court was full of anxious spectators, and Mrs. Morven had so fully counted on an acquittal that she had ordered a supper at the hotel for herself and some of her friends. I won-

der now at her blindness, for there was condemnation on the face of every other body. She went to the court, and it was late, very late, before they returned. I stayed at home with you, children. My God! can I ever forget that night of unspeakable woe? The coach drew up to the door; Mrs. Morven was carried out into the room. She was faint, but the sight of me revived her. She howled out the words, "Death! death! death!" She dashed her dear body on the ground; she groaned like one in great agony; and I could not at first understand what it was.

"Major Morven is condemned," said one at my side; "he has but ten days to make up his soul!"

It was true; your father was to suffer the death of a murderer and an outlaw. I did not see him at that time; he was in the gaol still, of course. By twelve o'clock that night Mrs. Morven had sunk into a very heavy sleep, the consequence of her long and painful watching. I lay down at her side, and tried to forget, in my slumber, the awful truth my mind was alive to in my waking hours. I was roused soon after day-break by the voice of weeping. I started up—saw Mrs. Morven like one struggling with a power too mighty for her. She was sitting upright—so pale, so very wan, that, as a stranger, I might not, perhaps, have immediately recognized her. She rose and dressed, and I made her a cup of tea. As I offered it to her, a message came that one wished to speak with her on business that concerned Major Morven. She was all cold and trembling, but she begged this gentleman to come in and speak. He did so. He was a gentleman well known in the law, I believe. He spoke kindly to us both. He told us fairly that the life of Major Morven was in imminent danger; that the number of bloody and fatal duels that had of late taken place had determined his majesty to make an example of the first who should be secured by the hand of the law; and that it was thought the only hope for Mrs. Morven was to go herself to London, and, with a petition in her hand, throw herself on the known clemency of our good Queen Charlotte.

"My God!" cried Mrs. Morven, "why did I not think of this before, long ago? I have lost so much time! Ellen, you will go with me? Oh, my dear, dear George!"

She rose, distracted with her grief. Mr. Lyndesay said that he would arrange all things for her speedy departure.

"I will not see him!—oh, no! no!" she cried, before she went. "But give him this!" It was her Bible, wetted with her tears.

I understand that it was conveyed to him, but I believe he left it at first unopened. He saw his children twice during our absence. We travelled post to London. We stopped not—no, not for one hour; for our errand was one of life and death. Mrs. Morven touched nothing but dry bread and cold water the whole of the five days which we took to reach London. It was nine o'clock when we reached our journey's end. I remembered a

story of a young woman in humble life who travelled on foot from Scotland to beg for the life of her sister, and to whom the pardon was granted. God alone can know the agonies of my entreaties for the precious life of Major Morven! It was to the house of a friend of Mr. Lyndesay's that we had been directed to go—a house in Cheapside. Our letter was first sent in, and in a few minutes Mr. Churchill came to the chaise-door.

"I beg you will instantly alight!"

"Where is the queen?" I said.

"At Windsor," he replied.

"At Windsor! Then horses on for Windsor to-night—now—directly!" I said.

"Not surely to-night!"

"Yes," muttered Mrs. Morven.

Her teeth were closed as if they were locked; her nerves were so shattered, that her silence was of a more fearful kind than her cries even had been. We took her out: she was led up stairs. Horses were ordered—four horses, directly. In the meantime we poured some wine down her throat, though I repented of this afterwards, for it roused and inflamed the energies of her agony. All was done as silently as we could, and as quickly too.

"If the queen has gone to her rooms, I fear it will be impossible that you should see her to-night," said Mr. Churchill to me.

I made a sign of acquiescence. I wrote, under his dictation, a petition, of which you will find a correct copy in the clasped volume on the last page. It was written, and put into the hand of Mrs. Morven. We led her down stairs, and again we entered the chaise. I took with me restoratives, and we set out. The rapid movement of the chaise, the lighted streets, the bustle of a large city, even at that time of the night, excited the head of Mrs. Morven. She began to speak—to cry—to let up and down the glasses—to ask where she was, what entertainment she was going to; and this lasted till we reached the country, lighted only by the stars, and we drove faster and faster. And, oh, how I did long for the eloquence necessary to gain a royal ear! how deeply did I mourn for my frequent careless approaches to a throne of redeeming grace, when drawing near an earthly monarch, in the exceeding fear of that miserable night! It was midnight as we reached the castle-gates; there was no admission even to be granted. But our despair was bold. Mrs. Morven sprung out of the chaise, and showing her petition, implored that it might only be sent to meet the gracious eyes of her majesty. At last we were admitted, and we passed up through the courts and terraces. How little do we know what we may have to perform in this world! Had I been told one year before that I should live to go to the king's palace, and speak face to face with Queen Charlotte, I should scarcely have believed it! You shall hear every word that passed, as far as I can remember them. We were put into a large hall; the petition was taken from us and sent up stairs. There was silence for ten minutes. I have always thought since that one verse of the

Revelation of St. John can alone describe that stillness; it is in the 8th chapter, at the 1st verse—"And there was silence in heaven for the space of half-an-hour." I hope it may please the Lord never to put my faith to so sore a trial again as by that doubting silence. At last a lady came down. She spoke hurriedly—

"The queen desires to see you, but you must not lose any time."

We walked after her through great spaces, but whether of rooms, halls, or galleries, it would be impossible for me to tell you. At last we reached a door, and we stopped. Mrs. Morven clung heavily to my arm. There was a moment's pause, and then we were told to enter. I can give you no account of the room: it was large and light. I only remember what my eyes saw immediately before them. I did not know at first which of the three ladies in the room might be the queen; but I saw the two others draw back, and a lady standing alone. She held the paper in her hand. She was half in undress, for the night was far advanced, and her robes had been removed. Her hair, I remember, was unpowdered, and lay on her neck. She stood before a great mirror; a book lay on the dressing-table. She had a very pleasant voice, and a manner of sweet affability.

"A chair, Miss —," she said. I cannot recollect the name she used.

Mrs. Morven sunk down speechless. I was forced to speak—and, indeed, I was no longer frightened.

"We entreat your majesty's gracious mercy, and throw ourselves on the king's clemency!"

Mrs. Morven fell on her knees. The queen bent forward, and kindly said—

"No, no, that must not be; but you ask an impossible thing, I grieve to say. The king is firm."

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried Mrs. Morven, half understanding the words that she heard; "the king will forgive us! Only try—only try! Go to him—go to him! I have three children at home in Scotland! Go to him! Only go—only go! Oh, God help me to speak!"

I think she had quite forgotten, in her distraction, whom she was addressing. The queen said to her attendant—

"Bring some water for her, and tell Colonel — I am coming to speak to the king."

The glass of water was brought, but Mrs. Morven could hardly see or understand. She shook her head violently from side to side, and dashed the water on the floor without intending to do so: some even fell on the queen's wrapper.

"Never mind, never mind," she said. "I feel more than I can express for this poor lady's distress, but there have been so many fatal duels I know that the king is firm. It is no use, I fear."

"Oh, no! no! no! Only go—only go! Go! go!—do but go! The king will not refuse us, for no one else but God can help us!"

"I will go," said the queen, laying her hand on Mrs. Morven's arm "I feel for your distress,

but it is not in my power to alter the king's mind, I fear."

The queen left the room, and we were alone. Mrs. Morven was on the floor, for it was impossible to make her sit up. She rocked herself to and fro, like one beside herself with very great agony. The ladies spoke once or twice in a low tone, but I did not hear what they said. Thus five minutes passed. Now five minutes we are accustomed to speak of as a very short and insignificant space of time, but it appeared to me like a whole hour. There was a clock opposite to me, and the hands were pointing at twenty minutes past twelve when the queen reentered her chamber. She was crying, for she had a feeling heart. Mrs. Morven raised herself up. The queen still held in her hand the paper.

"The king is firm in his decision; it is impossible to change it. He is full of grief, but he has a duty to perform."

"Let me see him—only reach his presence!" cried Mrs. Morven. "He will not refuse me! It is a murder; no man has a right to take another's life!"

"Ah, my poor Mrs. Morven, that is why the king must punish on this occasion!"

Mrs. Morven screamed, and fell on her face. She clung to the queen's wrapper, like one drowning at sea.

"As you hope for mercy from God, as you hope to see heaven, do not force me away! Once more, just once more, go, go!"

"I cannot, cannot go!"

"Mercy! mercy! mercy! queen; only take me to the king! Just for one moment—I will stay no longer! Save us, save us! No one else can—oh, no one else!"

"Your majesty must dismiss this poor woman," whispered a lady.

"Do not say it!" she cried. "Just one word more! You shall not force me away! I will stay—I will!—I will stay!"

"She is becoming quite violent," said a lady to me; "you had better advise your friend to go."

You can have no idea of how dreadful a sight this was. The queen had to turn away her face, and Mrs. Morven was compelled to leave her royal presence, and the door was shut. It was all over, our cries were unheard, and in a few minutes we were standing without the castle-gates. The chaise was in the road, Mrs. Morven was lifted into it. Horses for London were ready at the inn, not five minutes' walk from the spot where we were. It was all over! Our prayers were unavailing before God and man. There remained no hope for Major Morven. So will the unredeemed stand without the fold at the last great day, when Christ shall come with the angels of heaven in clouds and great glory. In that great and celestial company will (I believe) appear the glorified soul of her who prayed in vain for mercy. Let us so live, that we may meet her face on the resurrection-day with joy and not with sorrow!

Now, indeed, all our desire was to return to the north in time to see once more in life the one condemned to die. We were, however, compelled to sleep in London for a few hours. Mrs. Morven was quite exhausted. Mr. Churchill and his family were all that was kind and considerate to our sorrows. He said—

"It is so infamous a case of duelling that the sentence is but just. In my opinion, Mrs. Morven should be prevented seeing her husband. I think that it may kill her."

I thought so too, but it was no one's duty to prevent their meeting, and we set off that night again. We travelled towards the north with the greatest speed. At every town I saw that Mrs. Morven expected to hear that a pardon had been printed and published. Alas, no! the real bitterness of death was yet to come for her. It was fine spring weather; the fields were full of lambs, and there were leaves on the trees. We reached Inverness, and alighted at the lodging where you all were, my little children. But you did not see your mamma.

I will tell you now about the last time that I ever saw your father. We went the night before his death to the gaol where he was confined. We stayed an hour with him; no longer time was permitted for our last, last interview.

Major Morven looked thin, and certainly older, but I saw no other change. He had made his will, and looked serene and composed. He said that his mind was not disturbed, except by having to leave his dearest wife and his children; that, for his part, he could not see any blame at his door—the young man had sought his fate. He only feared his wife's grief might hurt her health; but, sooner or later, all must part.

"But, George—my George, you believe in God!—You believe that we shall meet in another world?"

"As to that," he replied, "I have never been enabled to satisfy my mind, nor have I sought conviction; but still I look forward to seeing you again."

His wife clasped him in her arms.

"Oh, my dear, dear George, would to God I might die for you! What good shall my life do me when you are gone?"

"Mary," he said, "you have your children, and they must depend on you. Love them, Mary, as you have loved me, and speak of me to them, for no one else will!"

Oh, who can describe the parting of the two who so fondly loved each other! It is hard to part on a sick-bed—it is hard to part when the strong ties of life are slowly unwound one by one from our bleeding hearts; but to part before a painful and shameful death, without one beam of God's love in the heart, this is grief which must pass all understanding;—for man then stands beneath the wrath of God; and Major Morven, my dear children, died not as a Christian should wish to die, but with the haughty heart of a heathen—strong, proud, and cold.

His hair was given to his wife, but she never saw his body. We left the town two days after his death, and long, long were the days of bitter mourning and weeping. But let me add, that unchangeable is He who hath said, "I will be a very present help in time of trouble." The care of you, my dear children, became the sole thought of Mrs. Morven—not that she forgot her love for the dead, for hers was the love of a fond and a faithful heart.

I shall now refer you to the clasped volume, from page 40 to page 70, where I have set down the remarks, instructions, advices, and passages of Scripture most beloved of your mother. Read these pages attentively, for they were written for your instruction. Many weary and lonely hours have I beguiled in retracing these memorials. I

have seemed to live the days over again—Time has softened down the bitterness of my sorrow. And, oh, if in recounting to you these past days, I may be an humble instrument in the hand of Providence to engraft upon your minds the duties of love, gentleness, and peace, then will the hours I have passed in the delineation of all that I witnessed be more than compensated—then shall I say that I have not labored in vain—then shall I not blush for having ventured to appear before you in the semblance of an author. As long as those words, "Oh, Ellen, take care of my children!" are sounding in my ears, the welfare and happiness of you, dear little children, will ever occupy my mind, and my heart will never cease to pray that God will bless and prosper you!

From the Colonization Herald.

Albury, Guilford, England, April 20, 1848.

TO MR. ELLIOTT CRESSON, OF PHILADELPHIA:—

Sir—From time to time I have been favored with copies of the Colonization Herald, and as the last number had your card enclosed, I take leave to write and thank you for your courtesy. It is always very pleasant to me to receive communications from my numerous unseen friends in the United States, and I cannot pretend to be ignorant that my writings have gained for me much love from your cordial people; to respond to them with a note of thanks is only a matter of delightful duty.

With respect to slavery and its cure, it seem to me, unless I am deceived by fair appearances, that your society has "hit the blot." We, with the best intentions, have utterly blundered the whole business; we have ruined our West Indies by unprepared emancipation, and waste millions annually on the absurdity of attempting to blockade a continent; moreover, through our ill-judged efforts, the horrors of the passage are increased ten-fold, and poor Africa groans under the additional burdens laid on her by the dull zeal of her would-be liberator, England.

The idea of reëstablishing the ransomed slave in his own country under a free self-government, appears to me to combine all the requirements of probable success. May America (our child) succeed, where her parent's effort is a failure. I have just written off a national song for Liberia on the spur of the moment; you are at liberty to print it, with this letter and the qualifying "note" at foot, in your Herald. May it help to make many a poor African's heart leap for joy, gratitude and patriotism.

I am sir, your faithful servant,
MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

A NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR LIBERIA IN AFRICA:

Being a Freewill Offering to the cause of Wise Emancipation.

Praise ye the Lord, for this new-born star,
On the blue firmament blazing afar!
Bless ye the Lord!—our souls to cheer,
"The love of liberty brought us here!"

Hail to Liberia's beacon bright
Luring us home with its silver light,
Where we may sing, without peril or fear,
"The love of liberty brought us here!"

Hail! new home on the dear old shore
Where Ham's dark sons dwelt ever of yore,
Thou shalt be unto us doubly dear,
For "love of liberty brought us here!"

Come, ye children of Africa, come!
Bring hither the viol, the pipe, and the drum,
To herald this star on its bright career,
For "love of liberty brought us here!"

Come—with peace and to all good-will;
Yet ready to combat for insult or ill—
Come, with the trumpet, the sword and the spear,
For "love of liberty brought us here!"

Thanks unto GOD! who hath broken the chain
That bound us as slaves on the western main;
Thanks, white brothers! oh, thanks sincere,
Whose "love of liberty brought us here!"

Yes—ye have rescued us as from the grave,
And a freeman made of the desperate slave,
That ye may call him both brother and peer,
For, "love of liberty brought us here!"

Thanks! oh raise that shout once more—
Thanks! let it thrill Liberia's shore—
Thanks! while we our standard rear,
"The love of liberty brought us here!"

Thine, Columbia, thine was the hand
That set us again on our own dear land;
We will remember thee far or near,
For "love of liberty brought us here!"

Yes, Liberia! freemen gave
Freedom and thee to the ransomed slave;
Then out with a shout both loud and clear,
"Love of liberty brought us here!"

NOTE.—The Colonization Societies of America have purchased a large tract of country on the Western Coast of Africa, to which free people of color are gratuitously exported; their emancipation having been first secured by means of voluntary subscriptions. The country thus liberally restored to the ransomed African has been constituted "The Independent Republic of Liberia;" with a national flag, seal, and motto; the latter is the line so often repeated above; and "one white star on a square blue ground" is the most poetical and appropriate feature of the former. Without pretending to subscribe to every article in the published "Declaration of Rights" of this new republic, the writer may venture generally to express his approbation of so rational and humane an experiment, and his hope that it may be the dawn of a better day to Africa.

PART III.

DR. DANVERS, save by rumor and conjecture, knew nothing of Marston and his abandoned companion. He had, more than once, felt a strong disposition to visit Dunoran, and expostulate, face to face, with its guilty proprietors. This idea, however, he had, upon consideration, dismissed; not on account of any shrinking from the possible repulses and affronts to which the attempt might subject him—but from a thorough conviction that the endeavor would be utterly fruitless for good, while it might, very obviously, expose him to painful misinterpretation and suspicion—leaving it to be imagined that he had been influenced, if by no meaner motive, at least by the promptings of an idle and prying curiosity, in thus pushing his way within the proscribed precincts of Dunoran.

Meanwhile, he maintained a correspondence with Mrs Marston, and had even once or twice since her departure visited her, when business had called him to the capital, at her new place of abode. Latterly, however, this correspondence had been a good deal interrupted, and its intervals had been supplied occasionally by Rhoda; whose letters, although she herself appeared unconscious of the mournful event whose approach they too plainly indicated, were painful records of the manifest and rapid progress of mortal decay.

He had just received one of those ominous letters, at the little post-office in the town we have already mentioned, and full of the melancholy news it contained, Dr. Danvers was riding slowly towards his home. As he rode into a lonely road, traversing a hilly tract of some three miles in length, the singularity, it may be, of his costume attracted the eye of another passenger, who was, as it turned out, no other than Marston himself. For two or three miles of this desolate road, their ways happened to lie together. Marston's first impulse was to avoid the clergyman; his second—which he obeyed—was to join company, and ride along with him, at all events, for so long as would show that he shrunk from no encounter which fortune or accident presented. There was a spirit of bitter defiance in this, which cost him a painful effort.

"How do you do, Parson Danvers?" said Marston, touching his hat with the handle of his whip.

Danvers thought he had seldom seen a man so changed in so short a time. His face had grown sullen and wasted, and his figure slightly stooped, with an appearance of feebleness.

"Mr. Marston," said the clergyman, gravely, and with some embarrassment. "It is a long time since you and I have seen one another, and many and painful events have passed in the interval. I scarce know upon what terms we meet. I am prompted to speak to you, and in a tone, perhaps, which you will hardly brook; and yet, if we keep company, as it seems likely we may, I cannot, and I ought not, to be silent."

"Well, Mr. Danvers, I accept your condition

—speak what you will," said Marston, gloomily. "If you exceed your privilege, and grow uncivil, I need but use my spurs, and leave you behind me, preaching to the winds."

"Ah! Mr. Marston," said Dr. Danvers, almost sadly, after a considerable pause; "when I saw you close beside me, my heart was troubled within me."

"You looked on me as something from the nether world, and expected to see the cloven hoof," said Marston, bitterly, and raising his booted foot a little as he spoke; "but, after all, I am but a vulgar sinner of flesh and blood, without enough of the preternatural about me to frighten an old nurse, much less to agitate a pillar of the church."

"Mr. Marston, you talk sarcastically; but you *feel* that recent circumstances, as well as old recollections, might well disturb and trouble me at sight of you," answered Dr. Danvers.

"Well—yes—perhaps it is so," said Marston, hastily and sullenly, and became silent for a while.

"My heart is full, Mr. Marston—charged with grief, when I think of the sad history of those with whom, in my mind, you must ever be associated," said Dr. Danvers.

"Ay, to be sure," said Marston, with stern impatience; "but, then, you have much to console you. You have got your comforts and your respectability—all the dearer, too, from the contrast of other people's misfortunes and degradations; then you have your religion, moreover—"

"Yes," interrupted Danvers, earnestly, and hastening to avoid a sneer upon this subject; "God be blessed, I am an humble follower of his gracious Son, our Redeemer; and though, I trust, I should bear, with patient submission, whatever chastisement in his wisdom and goodness he might see fit to inflict upon me, yet I do praise and bless him for the mercy which has hitherto spared me, and I do feel that mercy all the more profoundly, from the afflictions and troubles with which I daily see others overtaken."

"And in the matter of piety and decorum, doubtless, you bless God also," said Marston, sarcastically, "that you are not as other men are, nor even as this publican."

"Nay, Mr. Marston; God forbid I should harden my sinful heart with the wicked pride of the Pharisee. Evil and corrupt am I already—over much. Too well I know the vileness of my heart, to make myself righteous in my own eyes," replied Dr. Danvers, humbly. "But, sinner as I am, I am yet a messenger of God, whose mission is one of authority to his fellow-sinners; and woe is me if I speak not the truth at all seasons, and in all places, where my words may be profitably heard."

"Well, Doctor Danvers, it seems you think it your duty to speak to me, of course, respecting my conduct and my spiritual state. I shall save you the pain and trouble of opening the subject—I shall state the case for you in two words," said Marston, almost fiercely. "I have put away my

wife without just cause, and am living in sin with another woman. Come, what have you to say on this theme? Speak out. Deal with me as roughly as you will, I will hear it, and answer you again."

"Alas, Mr. Marston! and do not these things trouble you?" exclaimed Dr. Danvers, earnestly. "Do they not weigh heavy upon your conscience? Ah, sir, do you not remember that, slowly and surely, you are drawing towards the hour of death, and the day of judgment?"

"The hour of death! Yes, I know it is coming, and I await it with indifference. But, for the day of judgment, with its books and trumpets! my dear doctor, pray don't expect to frighten me with that."

Marston spoke with an angry scorn, which had the effect of interrupting the conversation for some moments.

"Am I to understand, Mr. Marston," asked Dr. Danvers, after a considerable pause, "that you reject revealed religion wholly, or that you confine your skepticism to one point?"

"I reject it wholly," replied Marston, coldly.

"Do you believe even in God the Creator?" urged Dr. Danvers, with a mixture of earnest simplicity and horror.

"Ay, in a creator I do believe," answered he, "but not in the creator you have painted. I do *not* say in my heart, there is no God; but I say, and believe, there is no such God as you describe and worship. The thing is a mass of contradictions. Take but the first and most hackneyed of the set. You tell me he is infinitely powerful. Well, suppose I assent to that, what do you tell me next? Why, that he is infinitely benevolent, too! Well, what should be the necessary practical result of both these attributes? Why, of course, that his creatures should be happy to the extent of their capabilities of happiness. And how does this inference square with the common facts of experience? Psha, my dear sir, even in these, your fundamental postulates, appear the weakness and confusion of falsehood."

"You have made the difficulty yourself. You misinterpret terms, and force upon the doctrines of the Bible a meaning they were never intended to bear," answered Doctor Danvers. "God's will asserts itself progressively—by intermediate agencies—by a graduated system of cause and effect; but, in the end, and as respects the purpose to which it tends, irresistibly, omnipotently. Thus, in one sense——"

"Tut, tut, my good sir, the word 'omnipotence' has but one meaning. But, enough of this," interrupted Marston; "you cannot give me new convictions, or shake my old ones. I thank you, nevertheless, for taking so much trouble, though in vain. In truth, doctor, you find me, in spiritual matters, but a sorry and singularly unpromising subject—what *you* will term an inveterate and dogged infidel, but, as I believe, an unprejudiced man, of plain, common sense, and with a most unaccommodating contempt for cant and

mummery of every sort. I have my creed—such as it is. It has served me thus far, and for the brief term I have yet to live, it will do very well."

"Yet, pardon me if I pursue this a moment longer. You acknowledge a benevolent Creator," persisted Dr. Danvers, who, even at the risk of offending his companion, endeavored to prolong the discussion.

"No, *not* a benevolent one," interrupted Marston, fiercely; "a malignant, or, at best, a reckless one, if you will. Why, look around you; see disease—madness—hunger—hatred. Psha, sir! seeing all these, how dare you insult common sense by calling the creator of them infinitely—that is the word—*infinitely* benevolent. If *you* carried with you everywhere, by day and night, a load of accumulated, and all but unendurable misery, produced by the natural working of the very elements which your Creator himself combined in your character, and of the circumstances among which he, with his own hand, plunged you—if you were such a wretch as *I* am—you would cease to prate of his mercy and his justice. Psha, sir; I despise this snivel, and laugh at your creed, as scornfully as he himself does."

"Mr. Marston, your language shocks as well as grieves me," said Dr. Danvers; "you speak as though you *hated* the light with a railing and a bitter spirit. May God, in his mercy, soften and illuminate your heart—may He, by the wonderful working whereby He subdueth all things unto himself, even yet subdue your stubborn unbelief, and pour his grace into your heart, that so, at last, your precious soul may be delivered out of the sorrows and anguish which, even now, overwhelm it like a stormy sea!"

They rode on, side by side, for a long time, without speaking. At length, however, Marston unexpectedly broke the silence—

"Doctor Danvers," said he, "you asked me some time ago if I feared the hour of death, and the day of judgment. I answered you truly, I do *not* fear them—nay, *death*, I think, I could meet with a happier and a quieter heart than any other chance that can befall me; but there are other fears—fears that *do* trouble me much."

Doctor Danvers looked inquiringly at him; but neither spoke for a time.

"You have not seen the catastrophe of the tragedy yet," said Marston, with a stern, stony look, made more horrible by a forced smile, something like a shudder. "I wish I could tell you—*you*, Doctor Danvers—for you are honorable and gentle-hearted. I wish I durst tell you what I fear—the only, *only* thing I really do fear. Oh, God—oh, God! No mortal knows it but myself, and I see it coming upon me with slow, but unconquerable might. Oh, God—dreadful spirit—spare me!"

Again they were silent, and again Marston resumed—

"Doctor Danvers, don't mistake me," he said, turning sharply, and fixing his eyes with a strange

expression upon his companion. "I dread nothing *human*—I fear neither death, nor disgrace, nor eternity; I have no secrets to keep—no exposures to apprehend; but I dread—I dread——"

He paused—scowled darkly, as if stung with pain—turned away, muttering to himself—and gradually became much excited and agitated.

"I can't tell you now, sir, and I won't!" he said, abruptly and fiercely, and with a countenance darkened with a wild and appalling rage that was wholly unaccountable. "I see you searching me with your eyes. Suspect what you will, sir, you shan't inveigle me into admissions. Ay, pry—whisper—stare—question, conjecture, sir—I suppose I must endure the world's impertinence, but, damn me if I gratify it!"

They rode on slowly for fully ten minutes in utter silence, except that Marston occasionally muttered to himself, as it seemed, in excited abstraction. Danvers had at first felt naturally offended at the violent and insulting tone in which he had been so unexpectedly and unprovokedly addressed; but this feeling of irritation was but transient, and some fearful suspicions as to Marston's sanity flitted through his mind. In a calmer and more dogged tone, his companion now addressed him—

"There is little profit, you see, doctor, in worrying me about your religion," said Marston. "It is but sowing the wind, and reaping the whirlwind; and, to say the truth, the longer you pursue it the less I am in the mood to listen. If ever you are cursed and persecuted as I have been, you will understand how little tolerant of gratuitous vexations and contradictions a man may become. We have squabbled over religion long enough, and each holds his own faith still. Continue to sun yourself in your happy delusions, and leave me untroubled to tread the way of my own dark and cheerless destiny."

Thus saying, he made a sullen gesture of farewell, and spurring his horse, crossed the broken fence at the roadside, and so, at a listless pace, through gaps and by farm-roads, penetrated towards his melancholy and guilty home.

It was shortly after this, that a new arrival at Dunoran excited the curiosity of the neighborhood. A rather good-looking, but over-dressed Frenchman, with a free-and-easy assurance which might have passed him off as the master of the place, on a sudden made his appearance. This foreigner styled himself the Count de Barras, and was rumored to be the brother of "mademoiselle." With the exception, however, of his tall and somewhat tawdry exterior, and of the very slender information we have just summed up, nothing whatever was known about him; and as he seldom, if ever, stirred beyond the precincts of the demesne, it was conjectured that his necessities, rather than any pleasanter influence, had brought him there; those, moreover, whose opportunities for conjecture were pronounced to be the most favorable, reported that he possessed, on his arrival, no visible endowments beyond a huge appetite and a sin-

gle change of clothes. Such as he was, however, he became domesticated at Dunoran; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that this new importation was little calculated to add to the respectability and character of the establishment.

Two years had now passed since the decisive event which had forever separated Marston from her who had loved him so devotedly and so fatally—two years to him of disappointment, abasement, and secret rage; two years to her of gentle and heart-broken submission to the chastening hand of Heaven. At the end of this time she died. Marston read the letter that announced the event with a stern look, and silently, but the shock he felt was terrific. No man is so self-abandoned to despair and degradation, that at some casual moment thoughts of amendment—some gleams of hope, however faint and transient, from the distant future—will not visit him. With Marston, those thoughts had somehow ever been associated with vague ideas of a reconciliation with the being whom he had forsaken—good and pure, and looking at her from the darkness and distance of his own fallen state, almost angelic as she seemed. But she was now dead—he could make her no atonement—she could never smile forgiveness upon him. This long-familiar image—the last that had reflected for him one ray of the lost peace and love of happier times, had vanished, and henceforward there was before him nothing but storm, and darkness, and fear.

Consequent upon this event, however, were certain new arrangements, involving in their issue important results to several of the persons of this tale. Marston's embarrassed fortunes made it to him an object to resume the portion of his income heretofore devoted to the separate maintenance of his wife and daughter. In order to effect this, it became, of course, necessary to recall his daughter Rhoda, and fix her residence once more at Dunoran. No more dreadful penalty could have been inflicted upon the poor girl—no more agonizing ordeal than that she was thus doomed to undergo. She had idolized her mother, and now adored her memory. She knew that Mademoiselle de Barras had betrayed and indirectly murdered the parent she had so devotedly loved; she knew that that woman had been the curse, the fate of her family, and she regarded her naturally with feelings of mingled terror and abhorrence, the intensity of which was indescribable. To find herself, then, forced to reside with this fearful and revolting woman, to keep her company, to submit perhaps to her government, and daily to witness her usurpation of the place and prerogative of the dear and gentle parent who was gone—could imagination have conceived a more intolerable and heart-rending penance!

The few scattered friends and relatives, whose sympathies had been moved by the melancholy fate of poor Mrs. Marston, and who cared to inquire about the arrangements made for her maintenance, were unanimously agreed that the intended removal of the young and innocent daughter to the polluted

mansion of sin and shame, was too intolerably revolting to be permitted. But each of these virtuous individuals unhappily thought it the duty of the others to interpose, and felt himself no individual obligation to offer this pure and lovely child of misfortune an asylum from the snares and horrors of the evil scene to which she was now summoned as her home. Everybody's business, as the adage hath it, was in this case nobody's; and with a running commentary of wonder and reprobation, and much virtuous criticism, events were suffered uninterruptedly to take their sinister and melancholy course.

It was about two months after the death of Mrs. Marston, and on a bleak and ominous night at the wintry end of autumn, that poor Rhoda, in deep mourning, and pale with grief and agitation, descended from a chaise at the well-known door of the mansion of Dunoran. Whether from consideration for her feelings, or, as was more probable, from pure indifference, Rhoda was conducted on her arrival direct to her own chamber, and it was not until the next morning that she saw her father. He entered her room unexpectedly; he was very pale, and as she thought, greatly altered, but he seemed perfectly collected and free from agitation. The marked and even shocking change in his appearance, and perhaps even the trifling though painful circumstance that he wore no mourning for the beloved being who was gone, caused her, after a moment's mute gazing in his face to burst into an irrepressible flood of tears.

Marston waited stoically until the paroxysm had subsided, and then taking her hand, with a look in which a dogged sternness was contending with something like shame, he said—

"There, there; you can weep when I am gone. I shan't say very much to you at present, Rhoda, and only wish you to attend to me for one minute. Listen, Rhoda—the lady whom you have been in the habit (here he slightly averted his eyes) of calling *Mademoiselle de Barras*, is no longer so; she is married; she is my wife, and consequently you will treat her with the respect due to"—he would have said, "a mother," but could not, and supplied the phrase by adding, "to that relation."

Rhoda was unable to speak, but almost unconsciously bowed her head in token of attention and submission, and her father pressed her hand more kindly, as he continued—

"I have always found you a dutiful and obedient child, Rhoda, and expected no other conduct from you. Mrs. Marston will treat you with proper kindness and consideration, and desires me to say that you can, whenever you please, keep strictly to yourself, and need not, unless you feel so disposed, attend the regular meals of the family. This privilege may suit your present depressed spirits, especially as *Monsieur de Barras*, Mrs. Marston's brother, is a stranger to you, and you are aware, of course, that he is our guest at present."

She had *not* known this before, but the intelli-

gence, strange to say, was not unwelcome, inasmuch as any thing or person likely to interfere between her and the dreaded society of her former governess, was to her an unspeakable relief.

After a few words more, Marston withdrew, leaving his daughter to her reflections, and bleak and bitter enough they were.

Some weeks passed away, and perhaps we shall best consult our reader's ease by substituting for the formal precision of narrative, a few extracts from the letters which Rhoda wrote to her brother, still at Cambridge. These will convey her own impressions respecting the scenes and personages among whom she was now to move.

"The house and place are much neglected, and the former in some parts suffered almost to go to decay. The windows broken in the last storm, nearly eight months ago, they tell me, are still unattended, and the roof, too, unrepaired. The pretty garden near the well, among the lime-trees, that our darling mother was so fond of, is all but obliterated with weeds and grass, and since my first visit I have not had heart to go near it again. All the old tenants are gone—new faces everywhere."

"I have been obliged several times, through fear of offending my father, to join the party in the drawing-room. You may conceive what I felt at seeing *mademoiselle* in the place once filled by our dear mamma. I was so choked with sorrow, bitterness, and indignation, and my heart so palpitated, that I could not speak, and I believe they thought I was going to faint. *Mademoiselle* looked very angry, but my father pretending to show me, Heaven knows what, from the window, led me to it, and the air revived me a little. *Mademoiselle* (for I cannot call her by her new name) is altered a good deal—more, however, in the character than the contour of her face and figure. Certainly, however, she has grown a good deal fuller, and her color is higher; and whether it is fancy or not, I cannot say, but certainly to me it seems that the expression of her face has acquired something habitually lowering and malicious, and which I know not how, inspires me with an undefinable dread. She has, however, been tolerably civil to me, but seems contemptuous and rude to my father, and I am afraid he is very wretched. I have seen them exchange such looks, and overheard such intemperate and even appalling altercations between them, as indicate something worse and deeper than ordinary ill-will. This makes me additionally wretched, especially as I cannot help thinking that some mysterious cause enables her to frighten and tyrannize over my poor father. I sometimes think he absolutely detests her; yet though fiery altercations ensue, he ultimately submits to this bad and cruel woman. Oh, my dear Charles, you have no idea of the shocking, or rather the terrifying, reproaches I have heard interchanged between them, as I accidentally passed the room where they were sitting—such terms as have sent me to my room, feeling as if I were in a horrid dream, and made me cry and tremble for

hours after I got there. * * * I see my father very seldom, and when I do he takes but little notice of me. * * * Poor Willett, you know, returned with me. She accompanies me in my walks, and is constantly dropping hints about mademoiselle, from which I know not what to gather. * * *

* * M. de Barras, mademoiselle's brother, is, in my opinion, a particularly offensive person—vulgar, loud, and almost insultingly familiar. Willett says he has not a penny of money but what he extracts from mademoiselle, and that he has come here to live upon my father, which, indeed, is not unlikely. The first day I saw him, he made a point of staring and oggling in so marked and offensive a way, that I felt at once angry and ashamed, and the more I marked my displeasure and annoyance, the more familiar he became, as if resolved, by some abominable perversity, to construe my very dislike into a species of encouragement. Another day I met him in the hall alone, and he instantly began to grin, and sigh, and jabber love speeches. I did not so much as look back at him, but walked straight on in silence, and trying to appear as unconcerned as if he had not been there. But this kind of rebuke seems thrown away upon him, for he recommenced the same practices no later than yesterday; and when I was leaving the room, with an insufferable affectation of playfulness he ran before me, and stood between me and the door. I was really both incensed and frightened. Whereupon mademoiselle, who just entered at the other door, in a towering passion, attacked him with furious volubility; and to do him justice, he looked thoroughly cowed. I think, however, she has greatly mistaken my part in the matter, for she has looked very angrily on me ever since. But that is, I need scarcely tell you, to me a matter of very complete indifference. * *

"I often fear that my father has some secret and mortal ailment. He generally looks ill, and sometimes quite *wretchedly*. He came twice lately to my room, I think to speak to me on some matter of importance; but he said only a sentence or two, and even these broken and incoherent. He seemed unable to command spirits for the interview; and, indeed, he grew so agitated and strange, that I was alarmed, and felt greatly relieved when he left me. * * *

"I do not, you see, disguise my feelings, dear Charles. I do not conceal from you the melancholy and anguish of my present situation. How intensely I long for your promised arrival. I have not a creature to whom I can say one word in confidence, except poor Willett; who, though very good-natured, and really dear to me, is yet far from being a companion. I sometimes think my intense anxiety to see you here is almost selfish; for I know you will feel as acutely as I do the terrible change observable everywhere. But I cannot help longing for your return, dear Charles, and counting the days and the very hours till you arrive. * * *

"Be cautious, in writing to me, not to say

anything which you would not wish mademoiselle to see; for Willett tells me that she *knows* that she often examines, and even intercepts, the letters that arrive; and, though Willett may be mistaken, and I hope she is, yet it is better that you should be upon your guard. Ever since I heard this, I have brought my letters to the post-office myself, instead of leaving them with the rest upon the hall table; and you know it is a long walk for me. * * *

"I go to church every Sunday, and take Willett along with me. No one from this seems to think of doing so but ourselves. I see the Mervyns there. Mrs. Mervyn is particularly kind, and Emily grown quite beautiful. The good old lady constantly regrets the 'invincible prejudice,' as she calls it, which would prevent, of course, my father's permitting me to visit them. I know that what she wishes is to offer me an asylum at Newton Park; and you cannot think with how much tenderness and delicacy she conveys the wish. But I dare not hint the subject to my father; and, earnestly as I desire it, I could not but feel that I should go there not to visit, but to *reside*. And so, even in this, in many respects, delightful project, is mingled the bitter apprehension of dependence—something so humiliating, that, kindly and delicately as the offer is made, I could not bring myself to embrace it. I have a great deal to say to you, and long to see you." * * *

These extracts will enable the reader to form a tolerably accurate idea of the general state of affairs at Dunoran. Some particulars must, however, be added. In writing to her brother, Rhoda greatly understated the real unhappiness and apprehensions involved in her present situation. The impertinent attentions of Monsieur de Barras were not only to her a source of disgust and indignation, but of no small anxiety and alarm. The utter seclusion of the house, buried far among gloomy masses of timber—the desolate extent, and comparative desertion of the mansion itself—her own isolated and defenceless position, friendless and companionless—and, more than all, her consciousness of the degradation and baseness of the characters by whom she was surrounded—all these circumstances filled her mind with melancholy and alarms, vague, indeed, but incessant, and often almost intolerable.

Marston, meanwhile, continued to be the same gloomy and joyless being as heretofore. Sometimes moody and apathetic—sometimes wayward, and even savage—but never for a moment at ease—never social—an isolated, disdainful, ruined man.

One day, as Rhoda sat and read under the shade of some closely interwoven evergreens, in a lonely and sheltered part of the neglected pleasure-grounds, with her honest maid, Willett, in attendance, she was surprised by the sudden appearance of her father, who stood unexpectedly before her. Though his attitude for some time was fixed, his countenance was troubled with a restless anxiety and pain, and his sunken eyes

rested upon her with a fiery and fretted gaze. He seemed lost in agitated thought for a while, and then, touching Willett sharply on the shoulder, said abruptly—

"Go; I shall call you when you are wanted. Walk down that alley;" and, as he spoke, he indicated with his walking-cane the course he desired her to take.

When the maid was sufficiently distant to be quite out of hearing, Marston sat down beside Rhoda upon the bench, and took her hand in silence. His grasp was cold, and alternately relaxed and contracted with an agitated uncertainty, while his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he seemed meditating how to open the conversation. At last, as if suddenly awaking from a fearful reverie, he said—

"You correspond with Charles?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, with the respectful formality prescribed by the usages of the time, "we correspond regularly."

"Ay, ay—and, pray, when did you last hear from him?" he continued.

"About a month since, sir," she replied.

"Ha!—and—and—was there nothing strange—nothing—nothing mystic and menacing in his letter? Come, come, you know what I speak of"—he stopped abruptly, and stared in her face with an agitated gaze.

"No, indeed, sir, there was not anything of the kind," she replied.

"I have been greatly shocked—I may say incensed," said Marston, excitedly, "by a passage in his last letter to me; not that it says anything specific, but—but it amazes me—it enrages me"—

He again checked himself, and Rhoda, much surprised, and even shocked, said, stammeringly—

"I am sure, sir, that dear Charles would not, intentionally, say or do anything that could offend you."

"Ah! as to that, I believe so, too; but it is not with *him* I am indignant—no, no. Poor Charles—I believe he *is*, as you say, disposed to conduct himself, as a son ought to do, respectfully and obediently. Yes, yes—Charles is very well; but I fear he is leading a bad life, notwithstanding—a very bad life. He is becoming subject to *influences* which never visit or torment the good—believe me, he is."

Marston shook his head, and muttered to himself, with a look of almost craven anxiety, and then whispered to his daughter—

"Just read this, and then tell me, is it not so? Read it—read it—and pronounce."

As he thus spoke, he placed in her hand the letter, of which he had spoken, and with the passage, to which he invited her attention, folded down. It was to the following effect:—

"I cannot tell you how shocked I have been by a piece of information, conveyed to me in an anonymous letter, and which is of so very delicate a nature, that, without your special command, I

should hesitate to pain you by its recital. I trust it may be utterly false; it nevertheless suggests inquiry. It is enough to say, that it is of a very horrible nature, and affects the lady (Mademoiselle de Barras) whom you have recently honored with your hand."

"Now you see," cried Marston, with a shuddering fierceness, as she returned the letter, with a blanched cheek and trembling hand, "now you see it all. Are you stupid?—the stamp of the cloven hoof, eh?"

Rhoda, unable to gather his meaning, but, at the same time, with a heart full and trembling, stammered a few frightened words, and became silent.

"It is *he*, I tell you, that does it all; and if Charles were not living an evil life, he could not have spread his nets for him," said Marston, vehemently. "He can't go near anything good; but, like a scoundrel, he knows where to find a congenial nature; and, when he does, he has skill enough to practise upon it. I know him well, and his arts and his smiles—ay, and his scowls and his grins, too. He goes, like his master, up and down, and to and fro, upon the earth, for ceaseless mischief. There is not a friend of mine he can get hold of, but he whispers in his ear some damned slander of me. He is drawing them all into a common understanding against me, and he takes an actual pleasure in telling me how the thing goes on—how, one after the other, he has converted my friends into conspirators and libellers, to blast my character, and take my life; and now the monster essays to lure my children into the hellish confederation."

"Who is he, father—who is he?" faltered Rhoda.

"You never saw him," retorted Marston, sternly. "No, no; you can't have seen him, and you probably never will; but if he *does* come here again, don't listen to him—he is half-fiend and half-idiot, and no good comes of his mouthing and muttering. Avoid him, I warn you—avoid him. Let me see, how shall I describe him?—let me see. You remember—you remember Berkley, Sir Wynston Berkley—well, he greatly resembles that dead villain; he has all the same grins, and shrugs, and monkey airs, and his face and figure are like. But *he* is a grimed, ragged, wasted piece of sin, little better than a beggar—a shrunken, malignant libel on the human shape. Avoid him, I tell you, avoid him! He is steeped in lies and poison, like the very serpent that betrayed us. Beware of him, I say; for if he once gains your ear, he will delude you, spite of all your vigilance; he will make you his accomplice; and thenceforth, inevitably, there is nothing but mortal and implacable hatred between us!"

Frightened at this wild language, Rhoda did not answer, but looked up in his face in silence. A fearful transformation was there—a scowl so livid and maniacal, that her very senses seemed leaving her with terror. Perhaps the sudden alteration observable in her countenance, as this

hours after I got there. * * * I see my father very seldom, and when I do he takes but little notice of me. * * * Poor Willett, you know, returned with me. She accompanies me in my walks, and is constantly dropping hints about mademoiselle, from which I know not what to gather. * * *

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"I do not, you see, disguise my feelings, dear Charles. I do not conceal from you the melancholy and anguish of my present situation. How intensely I long for your promised arrival. I have not a creature to whom I can say one word in confidence, except poor Willett; who, though very good-natured, and really dear to me, is yet far from being a companion. I sometimes think my intense anxiety to see you here is almost selfish; for I know you will feel as acutely as I do the terrible change observable everywhere. But I cannot help longing for your return, dear Charles, and counting the days and the very hours till you arrive. * * *

"Be cautious, in writing to me, not to say

anything which you would not wish mademoiselle to see; for Willett tells me that she *knows* that she often examines, and even intercepts, the letters that arrive; and, though Willett may be mistaken, and I hope she is, yet it is better that you should be upon your guard. Ever since I heard this, I have brought my letters to the post-office myself, instead of leaving them with the rest upon the hall table; and you know it is a long walk for me. * * *

"I go to church every Sunday, and take Willett along with me. No one from this seems to think of doing so but ourselves. I see the Mervyns there. Mrs. Mervyn is particularly kind, and Emily grown quite beautiful. The good old lady constantly regrets the 'invincible prejudice,' as she calls it, which would prevent, of course, my father's permitting me to visit them. I know that what she wishes is to offer me an asylum at Newton Park; and you cannot think with how much tenderness and delicacy she conveys the wish. But I dare not hint the subject to my father; and, earnestly as I desire it, I could not but feel that I should go there not to visit, but to *reside*. And so, even in this, in many respects, delightful project, is mingled the bitter apprehension of dependence—something so humiliating, that, kindly and delicately as the offer is made, I could not bring myself to embrace it. I have a great deal to say to you, and long to see you." * * *

These extracts will enable the reader to form a tolerably accurate idea of the general state of affairs at Dunoran. Some particulars must, however, be added. In writing to her brother, Rhoda greatly understated the real unhappiness and apprehensions involved in her present situation. The impertinent attentions of Monsieur de Barras were not only to her a source of disgust and indignation, but of no small anxiety and alarm. The utter seclusion of the house, buried far among gloomy masses of timber—the desolate extent, and comparative desertion of the mansion itself—her own isolated and defenceless position, friendless and companionless—and, more than all, her consciousness of the degradation and baseness of the characters by whom she was surrounded—all these circumstances filled her mind with melancholy and alarms, vague, indeed, but incessant, and often almost intolerable.

Marston, meanwhile, continued to be the same gloomy and joyless being as heretofore. Sometimes moody and apathetic—sometimes wayward, and even savage—but never for a moment at ease—never social—an isolated, disdainful, ruined man.

One day, as Rhoda sat and read under the shade of some closely interwoven evergreens, in a lonely and sheltered part of the neglected pleasure-grounds, with her honest maid, Willett, in attendance, she was surprised by the sudden appearance of her father, who stood unexpectedly before her. Though his attitude for some time was fixed, his countenance was troubled with a restless anxiety and pain, and his sunken eyes

rested upon her with a fiery and fretted gaze. He seemed lost in agitated thought for a while, and then, touching Willett sharply on the shoulder, said abruptly—

"Go; I shall call you when you are wanted. Walk down that alley;" and, as he spoke, he indicated with his walking-cane the course he desired her to take.

When the maid was sufficiently distant to be quite out of hearing, Marston sat down beside Rhoda upon the bench, and took her hand in silence. His grasp was cold, and alternately relaxed and contracted with an agitated uncertainty, while his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he seemed meditating how to open the conversation. At last, as if suddenly awaking from a fearful reverie, he said—

"You correspond with Charles?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, with the respectful formality prescribed by the usages of the time, "we correspond regularly."

"Ay, ay—and, pray, when did you last hear from him?" he continued.

"About a month since, sir," she replied.

"Ha!—and—was there nothing strange—nothing—nothing mystic and menacing in his letter? Come, come, you know what I speak of"—he stopped abruptly, and stared in her face with an agitated gaze.

"No, indeed, sir, there was not anything of the kind," she replied.

"I have been greatly shocked—I may say incensed," said Marston, excitedly, "by a passage in his last letter to me; not that it says anything specific, but—but it amazes me—it enrages me"—

He again checked himself, and Rhoda, much surprised, and even shocked, said, stammeringly—

"I am sure, sir, that dear Charles would not, intentionally, say or do anything that could offend you."

"Ah! as to that, I believe so, too; but it is not with *him* I am indignant—no, no. Poor Charles—I believe he *is*, as you say, disposed to conduct himself, as a son ought to do, respectfully and obediently. Yes, yes—Charles is very well; but I fear he is leading a bad life, notwithstanding—a very bad life. He is becoming subject to *influences* which never visit or torment the good—believe me, he is."

Marston shook his head, and muttered to himself, with a look of almost craven anxiety, and then whispered to his daughter—

"Just read this, and then tell me, is it not so? Read it—read it—and pronounce."

As he thus spoke, he placed in her hand the letter, of which he had spoken, and with the passage, to which he invited her attention, folded down. It was to the following effect:—

"I cannot tell you how shocked I have been by a piece of information, conveyed to me in an anonymous letter, and which is of so very delicate a nature, that, without your special command, I

should hesitate to pain you by its recital. I trust it may be utterly false; it nevertheless suggests inquiry. It is enough to say, that it is of a very horrible nature, and affects the lady (Mademoiselle de Barras) whom you have recently honored with your hand."

"Now you see," cried Marston, with a shuddering fierceness, as she returned the letter, with a blanched cheek and trembling hand, "now you see it all. Are you stupid?—the stamp of the cloven hoof, eh?"

Rhoda, unable to gather his meaning, but, at the same time, with a heart full and trembling, stammered a few frightened words, and became silent.

"It is *he*, I tell you, that does it all; and if Charles were not living an evil life, he could not have spread his nets for him," said Marston, vehemently. "He can't go near anything good; but, like a scoundrel, he knows where to find a congenial nature; and, when he does, he has skill enough to practise upon it. I know him well, and his arts and his smiles—ay, and his scowls and his grins, too. He goes, like his master, up and down, and to and fro, upon the earth, for ceaseless mischief. There is not a friend of mine he can get hold of, but he whispers in his ear some damned slander of me. He is drawing them all into a common understanding against me, and he takes an actual pleasure in telling me how the thing goes on—how, one after the other, he has converted my friends into conspirators and libellers, to blast my character, and take my life; and now the monster essays to lure my children into the hellish confederation."

"Who is he, father—who is he?" faltered Rhoda.

"You never saw him," retorted Marston, sternly. "No, no; you can't have seen him, and you probably never will; but if he *does* come here again, don't listen to him—he is half-fiend and half-idiot, and no good comes of his mouthing and muttering. Avoid him, I warn you—avoid him. Let me see, how shall I describe him?—let me see. You remember—you remember Berkley, Sir Wynston Berkley—well, he greatly resembles that dead villain; he has all the same grins, and shrugs, and monkey airs, and his face and figure are like. But *he* is a grimed, ragged, wasted piece of sin, little better than a beggar—a shrunken, malignant libel on the human shape. Avoid him, I tell you, avoid him! He is steeped in lies and poison, like the very serpent that betrayed us. Beware of him, I say; for if he once gains your ear, he will delude you, spite of all your vigilance; he will make you his accomplice; and thenceforth, inevitably, there is nothing but mortal and implacable hatred between us!"

Frightened at this wild language, Rhoda did not answer, but looked up in his face in silence. A fearful transformation was there—a scowl so livid and maniacal, that her very senses seemed leaving her with terror. Perhaps the sudden alteration observable in her countenance, as this

spectacle of hideous menace so unexpectedly encountered her, recalled him to himself; for he added, hurriedly, and in a tone of gentler meaning—

"Rhoda, Rhoda, watch and pray. My daughter, my child! keep your heart pure, and nothing bad can approach you for ill. No, no; you are good, and the good need not fear!"

Suddenly Marston burst into tears, as he ended this sentence, and wept long and convulsively. She did not dare to speak, or even to move; but after a while he ceased, appeared uneasy, half ashamed and half angry; and looking with a horrified and bewildered glance into her face, he said—

"Rhoda, child, what—what have I said? My God! what have I been saying? Did I—do I look ill? Oh, Rhoda, Rhoda, may you never feel this!"

He turned away from her without awaiting her answer, and walked away with the appearance of intense agitation, as if to leave her. He turned again, however, and with a face pallid and sunken as death, approached her slowly.

"Rhoda," said he, "don't tell what I have said, to any one—don't, I conjure you, even to Charles. I speak too much at random, and say more than I mean—a foolish, rambling habit—so do not repeat one word of it—not one word to any living mortal. You and I, Rhoda, must have our little secrets."

He ended with an attempt at a smile, so obviously painful and fear-stricken, that, as he walked hurriedly away, the astounded girl burst into a bitter flood of tears. What was—what could be the meaning of the shocking scene she had then been forced to witness? She dared not answer the question. Yet one ghastly doubt haunted her like her shadow—a terrific suspicion that the malign and hideous light of madness was already glaring upon his mind. As leaning upon the arm of her astonished attendant, she retraced her steps, the trees, the flowers, the familiar hall-door, the echoing passages—every object that met her eye, seemed strange and unsubstantial, and she gliding on among them in a horrid dream.

Time passed on: there was no renewal of the painful scene which dwelt so sensibly in the affrighted imagination of Rhoda. Marston's manner was changed towards her; he seemed shy, cowed, and uneasy in her presence, and thenceforth she saw less than ever of him. Meanwhile the time approached which was to witness the long-expected, and, by Rhoda, the intensely prayed for arrival of her brother.

Some four or five days before this event, Mr. Marston having, as he said, some business in Dublin, and further designing to meet his son there, took his departure from Dunoran, leaving poor Rhoda to the guardianship of her guilty stepmother, and the persecutions of the coarse and insolent Frenchman, who, with a free-and-easy audacity, had established himself as one of the family; and, although she had seen so little of her father, yet

the very consciousness of his presence had given her a certain confidence, and sense of security, which vanished at the moment of his departure. Fear-stricken and wretched as he had been, his removal, nevertheless, seemed to her to render the lonely and inauspicious mansion still more desolate and ominous than before.

This vague feeling of apprehension and melancholy foreshadowed the painful realities which were to follow. Strangely enough, the departure of Mr. Marston was apparently as much felt, though in a different way, by Monsieur de Barras, as by the unhappy and unsophisticated girl, who so justly disliked and feared him. His loathed attentions became more and more pushing and audacious, and, at the same time, from some mysterious reason, the new mistress of the house regarded her with a countenance more threatening and malignant than heretofore. She had, with a vague and instinctive antipathy, avoided all contact and intercourse with Mrs. Marston, or as, for distinctness sake, we shall continue to call her, "*mademoiselle*," since her return; and she on her part had appeared to acquiesce with a sort of scornful nonchalance, in the tacit understanding that she and her former pupil should see and hear as little as might be of one another. With these angry and suspicious glances, however, to which we have alluded, there supervened a galling disposition to throw out sarcastic hints, and bitter, though mysterious insinuations, which insulted and alarmed the innocent girl, and deepened and confirmed the intense abhorrence with which she had habitually shrunk from all intercourse with her.

Meanwhile poor Willett, with her good-natured honesty and her inexhaustible gossip, endeavored to amuse and reassure her young mistress, and sometimes even with some partial success. One day, as she assisted her to dress, her prattle accidentally turned upon a subject of some little interest.

"That mounseer is a queer sort of a man, miss—a queer sort of a *gentleman*, so he is. Don't you think so yourself, miss?" asked the maid.

"I have not had many opportunities of judging, Willett; but I confess that I have not seen much to admire in him," answered the young lady, who freely admitted the confidential privilege assumed by her attached attendant.

"I tell you what it is, Miss Rhoda, there is something I don't like going on between him and '*madam the governess*.' I think the two of them is hatching some mischief," pursued the maid; "they are always grumbling and muttering at one another, as if both was finding fault, and both blaming the other; and the minute any one goes into the room, they pretend to be talking quite quiet and natural; and then they will be hugging and whispering together quite friendly after it all, for an hour and more; and then they look so queer if I happen to come in of a sudden; and when they walk out together, you'll see them talking and talking away as fast, and never a smile on their faces, but looking round them now and then, like as if they were afraid

some one might be listening to them, and then walking on another bit, and stopping with the eagerness of talking to one another, and standing stock-still for five minutes together."

"Well, and what of all that, Willett?" inquired Rhoda.

"What!—why it looks very like plotting, that is all, miss; *plotting*, I say, and—and —; but no matter, I can't talk of that yet; but I think I'll find out something before long about them, that will open the eyes of *some* people—that is all; but no matter, all in good time," replied Willett.

Rhoda looked inquisitively at her, and the maid, in pity to the curiosity she had excited, added, after a time, in a somewhat frightened whisper—

"I am nearly sure of one thing, miss, between them they have made a pretty fool of the master. Wait a while, miss, and I will be able to tell you more. There will be terrible work about it yet, and that you'll find, miss; but I cannot tell you more for a while."

Rhoda found little, it may be imagined, in these and similar hints and surmises, to calm the uneasy sensations awakened by her own lonely and defenceless position. She avoided, of course, as far as it was possible, any likelihood of meeting the impudent foreigner; and justly as she abhorred the society of her former governess, it was nevertheless with no small satisfaction that she remarked, as it seemed, a studious anxiety on her part, to prevent his ever succeeding in procuring a *tête-à-tête* with her.

Their combined management, however, failed occasionally of its purpose. Monsieur de Barras was vigilant and audacious, and never missed an opportunity of securing a private interview, even though but a momentary one. It happened one evening that Rhoda was writing in the room which had formerly been the scene of her studies under the direction of Mademoiselle de Barras, and which was now her accustomed sitting-room. While she occupied this chamber, however, she always observed the precaution of keeping her maid Willett in the room. Upon this occasion she had been, as usual, in attendance, quietly pursuing her work at an humble distance, while her young mistress was writing. It was now, however, considerably past the hour at which the other inmates of the house usually retired to rest, and relying upon this circumstance, in the full confidence of the impossibility of being disturbed, she dispatched her attendant for a book to her own apartment. Willett departed, and her mistress remained alone.

The door, which the maid had closed at her departure, had not been two minutes shut, when it was reopened, not by Willett, but, to the young lady's consternation, by Monsieur de Barras. Redolent of tobacco-smoke, his face flushed, and his eyes brilliant with wine, he swaggered into the apartment, swinging the door fast behind him as he did so, and, with a libertine smile, far more alarming than the most unequivocal menace, approached her—

"Sir—Monsieur de Barras"—stammered she,

rising and advancing with a mingled emotion of anger and fear—"this is my apartment; you have made a mistake."

"A mistake!" he answered, in his own language. "By my faith, no such thing, pretty little ingrate; but quite the reverse. Now what do you wager there is not another creature living who would term so judicious and agreeable a manœuvre by so unworthy a name? No, no; impudent and wicked, *very* wicked, it may be—ha, ha!—but faith the thing is *no* mistake."

"Monsieur de Barras, I really request—I must insist"—she began, retreating involuntarily a step or two, and growing every moment more and more angry and alarmed.

"Ay, ay—to be sure you must," he retorted, with an odious grin and a leer. "Request and insist, and insist and request—*hélas!* what a deal of fuss and flutter these timid little birds make when one has nettled them!"

"I do not know, sir, what you mean—by what right—on what pretence you presume," she again began, with irrepressible indignation.

"There, there—gently—gently, gently," cried the imperturbable rascal, with a coaxing leer, as he approached her still more nearly. "Why, little rogue, what on earth are you afraid of? Am I so devilish ugly, or ill-shaped? Nonsense, child—nonsense. Come, you must not, you won't be so ill-natured."

"Monsieur de Barras, you really must leave this room," she said, in a tone more deprecatory, as her alarm increased. "If you won't go, I must—indeed I must, sir —"

"Bah! child—no such thing," he replied, roughly. "I am not such a dangerous fellow, I assure you—not I. Can't a man admire a pretty girl, without meaning her a mischief, eh?"

"I—really, monsieur—pray—I entreat of you, sir—"

"You are a pretty little rogue, and you know it," said he, relapsing into his original strain of languishing playfulness, and drawing near, with his arms extended, to prevent the possibility of her escaping.

"Sir," said she, dreading to show how really terrified she was, "this is insolence—unmanly—insufferable. Let me pass, sir—let me pass. You are no gentleman, sir, or you could not commit so gross a rudeness."

His countenance darkened perceptibly, and for the first time something of undisguised menace appeared in his manner and aspect.

"Come, come—no nonsense—what the devil rudeness do you speak of?" said he. "*Damne*, am I threatening you, pray, that you talk at this rate? I really don't understand you, Miss Rhoda."

As he said this, he sat down carelessly upon the table, keeping his eyes fixed upon her, until gradually the sterner expression which his countenance had just worn melted away once more into the confident and languishing leer with which he had first alarmed her.

"My faith!—you spoil my rest, Miss Rhoda," he resumed, with a theatrical sigh, and an odious smile. "On the honor of a gentleman, I lie awake half the night, tumbling and tossing in a fever; and then, what dreams! Come, shall I tell you my dreams?"

To her infinite delight, Rhoda at this moment heard a step traversing the passage.

"Willett! Willett!" she called, as loudly as she could.

"What are you crying about? who is harming you, you little fool? and how do you know that I will let her in?" cried De Barras, jumping briskly on the floor.

He was anticipated, however; for the door was opened before he could reach it, and not Willett, but Mrs. Marston, or, as we shall continue to call her, "mademoiselle," entered the room. Her beautiful and expressive face was pale as marble, and its whiteness, which extended even to the lips, was enhanced by the brilliant hues of the night-dress she wore—a loose robe of crimson cashmere, trimmed richly with fur, and gathered at the waist with careless grace by a silken cord. One or two clustering locks of her long dark hair hung in waving disorder upon her throat and shoulders. She was evidently inspired by some powerful and vindictive emotion, for her dark eyes seemed to stream actual fire as she glanced from De Barras to Rhoda, and from Rhoda again to him—her lips were closed, her nostrils dilated, and her bosom heaving. It was the form of beauty, exquisite and voluptuous, but tenanted by a spirit from the abyss of unearthly wrath and woe. For a moment her glance became fixed upon Monsieur de Barras—her frown darkened, and a faint smile lighted her countenance with a character that was almost deadly: she looked like a Nemesis, in the very execution of her fearful mission.

"Oh, mademoiselle!—oh, madam! I am glad you have come," stammered poor Rhoda, who, despite the evident wrath and perturbation of the intruder, was relieved unspeakably by her arrival. Monsieur de Barras looked embarrassed and angry, returned twice or thrice the flaming glance of the French lady, and, affecting to laugh, tossed his head, shrugged his shoulders, and, turning on his heel, took a turn up and down the room whistling; and then, turning abruptly, asked in a sharp and angry tone—

"Well; what is the matter now? what is all this about, eh?"

She made no other reply but by raising her long taper hand, and making a gesture which expressed both grief and menace.

"Eh, tongue-tied—dumb, is she?" he said, wagging his head angrily. "You are a ——. No matter. Why the d — don't you stay in your room?"

"Go to your chamber, Rhoda—go," she said, in a low, resolute tone—little higher, indeed, than a whisper, but all the sterner on that account.

Rhoda glided almost mechanically from the room; and as she hurried noiselessly to her cham-

ber, she still saw before her in imagination the pale, implacable apparition of vengeful beauty, that had so unexpectedly presented itself.

"Well, Alphonse!" said mademoiselle, drawing a long breath through her pearly teeth, now slightly disclosed by a strange, fixed smile—"what have you now to say?"

It is needless, of course, to mention that this conversation was conducted in French.

"What have I to say! come, who made you judge and executioner here?" he retorted, sullenly.

"Yes, yes, I see it all—your vows of reformation and penitence. Ah, yes, you meditate this second blow, Alphonse—and what am I to call you—what, but a villain!" she answered, in an icy tone.

"And if it comes to calling names, my dear, pray which of us is likely to fare the worst?" he retorted, with a sarcastic chuckle.

"You are a traitor, Alphonse, and mean to drive me to frenzy—to make me ruin us both," she answered.

"Not us both, if you please—say *yourself*, my dear!" he retorted.

"Yes—us *both*—I repeat; for *your* life depends on the continuance of all this, as well as mine. Yes, coward, you live upon my successes, and upbraid me with them after."

Monsieur de Barras made no answer to this home taunt but by clenching his fist, which he shook with ruffianly menace—while, through his set teeth, he hissed at her those vilest indignities of vituperation, against which, even in its lost, most utterly debased and forlorn condition, the outraged nature of fallen woman rises up in the agony—albeit, in the helplessness of despair.

She looked at him silently for a moment, with a gaze of stunned bewilderment—and then, with a short cry, she seized the massive candlestick that stood by, with the intent of hurling it at his head. Even as she made this gesture, however, her spirit changed. She cast it back from her upon the ground, and clasping her hands over her face, cried in a tone of genuine agony—

"Oh, Alphonse! Alphonse! and this from you—from you—from you!"

"Well, well—don't be a fool, I tell you," he replied, after a sulky silence. "If you don't like what I say—why the — do you provoke me to it—what harm was I doing—what was the good of all this noise and fury?"

"Oh, Alphonse, to think that you—you would have said it—you, who were the cause of all—you, who sent me, forsaken, despairing, and alone, into the storms and temptations of the world. You, Alphonse, from whom I have hidden nothing—to whom I confessed all—to whom I forgave all—for your sake, I have borne terrible years, and endured this last extremity of wretchedness—and do you, after all, upbraid me?"

Upon this scene of remonstrance and recrimination we here suffer the curtain to fall.

* * * * *

We must now follow Mr. Marston in his solitary expedition to Dublin. When he took his place in the stage-coach, he had the whole interior of the vehicle to himself—and thus continued to be its solitary occupant for several miles. The coach, however, was eventually hailed, brought to, and the door being opened, Dr. Danvers got in, and took his place opposite to the passenger already established there. The worthy man was so busied in directing the disposition of his luggage, from the window, and in arranging the sundry small parcels with which he was charged, that he did not recognize his companion until they were in motion. When he did so, it was with no very pleasurable feeling—and it is probable that Marston, too, would have gladly escaped the coincidence which thus reduced them once more to the temporary necessity of a *tête-à-tête*. Embarrassing as each felt the situation to be, there was, however, no avoiding it; and after a recognition, and a few forced attempts at conversation, they became, by mutual consent, silent and uncommunicative.

The journey, though in point of space a mere trifle, was, in those slow-coach days, a matter of fully five hours' duration—and before it was completed the sun had set, and darkness began to close. Whether it was that the descending twilight dispelled the painful constraint under which Marston had seemed to labor, or that some more purely spiritual and genial influence had gradually dissipated the repulsion and distrust with which, at first, he had shrunk from a renewal of intercourse with Dr. Danvers, he suddenly accosted him thus:—

"Doctor Danvers," said he, "I have been fifty times on the point of speaking to you, confidentially, of course, while sitting here opposite to you, what I believe I could scarcely bring myself to hint to any other man living; yet I must tell it, and soon, too—and I fear it will have told itself."

Dr. Danvers intimated his readiness to hear and advise, if desired, and Marston resumed, abruptly, after a pause—

"Pray, Doctor Danvers, have you heard any stories of an odd kind, any surmises—I don't mean of a *moral* sort, for *those* I hold very cheap—to my prejudice? Indeed, I should hardly say to my *prejudice*—I mean—I ought to say—in short, have you heard people remark upon any fancied eccentricities, or that sort of thing, about me?"

He put the question with obvious difficulty, and at last seemed to overcome his own reluctance with a sort of angry and excited self-contempt and impatience. Doctor Danvers was a little puzzled by the interrogatory, and admitted, in reply, that he did not comprehend its drift.

"Doctor Danvers," he resumed, sternly and dejectedly, "I told you, in the chance interview we had some months ago, that I was haunted by a certain fear; I did not define it, nor do I think you suspect its nature. It is a fear of nothing mortal, but a ghastly terror of the immortal tenant of this body—my *mind*, sir, is beginning to play

me strange tricks—my guide mocks and terrifies me."

There was a perceptible tinge of horror in the look of astonishment with which Dr. Danvers listened.

"You are a gentleman, sir, and a Christian clergyman; what I have said, and shall say, is confided to your honor, to be held sacred as the confession of misery, and hidden from the coarse gaze of the world. I have become subject to a hideous delusion; it comes at intervals; I do not think any mortal suspects it, except, maybe, my daughter Rhoda. It comes, and disappears—and comes again. I kept my pleasant secret for a long time, but at last I let it slip, and committed myself, fortunately, to but one person, and that my daughter; and, even so, I hardly think she understood me—I recollected myself before I had disclosed the grotesque and infernal chimera that haunts me."

Marston paused—he was stooping forward, and looking upon the floor of the vehicle, so that his companion could not see his countenance—a silence ensued, which was soon interrupted by Marston, who once more resumed.

"Sir," said he, "I know not *why*, but I have longed—intensely longed—for some trustworthy ear, into which to pour this horrid secret; *why*, I repeat, I cannot tell; for I expect no sympathy, and hate compassion. It is, I suppose, the restless nature of the devil that is in me; but, be it what it may, I will speak to you—but to you only—for the present, at least, to you alone."

Doctor Danvers again assured him that he might repose the most entire confidence in his secrecy.

"The human mind, I take it, must have either comfort in the past, or hope in the future," he continued, "otherwise it is in *danger*. To me, sir, the past is intolerably repulsive—one boundless, barren, and hideous Golgotha of dead hopes and murdered opportunities—the future, still blacker and more furious, peopled with dreadful features of horror and menace, and losing itself in utter darkness. Sir, I do not exaggerate—between such a past, and such a future, I stand upon this miserable present; and the only comfort I still am capable of feeling, is that no human being pities me—that I stand aloof from the insults of compassion, and the hypocries of sympathetic morality, and that I can safely defy all the respectable scoundrels in Christendom to enhance, by one feather's weight, the load which I myself have accumulated, and which I myself hourly and unaided sustain."

Doctor Danvers here introduced a word or two in the direction of their former conversation.

"No, sir, there is no comfort from that quarter either," said Marston, bitterly. "You but cast your seeds, as the parable terms your teaching, upon the barren sea, in wasting them on me. My fate, be it what it may, is as irrevocably fixed as though I were dead and judged a hundred years ago."

"This cursed dream," he resumed, abruptly, "that every day enslaves me more and more, has reference to that—that *occurrence* about Wynston Berkley—he is the hero of the hellish illusion. At certain times, sir, it seems to me, as if he, though dead, were still invested with a sort of spurious life—going about unrecognized, except by me, in squalor and contempt—and whispering away, with thrilling slanders, my fame and life—laboring, with the malignant industry of a fiend, to involve me in the meshes of that special perdition, from which alone I shrink, and to which this emissary of hell seems to have predestined me. Sir, this is a monstrous and hideous extravagance—a delusion—but, after all, no more than a trick of the *imagination*—the reason, the judgment is untouched—I cannot choose but see all the damned phantasmagoria—but I do not believe it real—and this is the difference between my case and—and—*madness*."

They were now entering the suburbs of Dublin—and Dr. Danvers, pained and shocked beyond measure by this unlooked-for disclosure, and not knowing what remark or comfort to offer, relieved his temporary embarrassment by looking from the window, as though attracted by the flash of the lamps, among which the vehicle was now moving. Marston, however, laid his hand upon his arm, and thus recalled him, for a moment, to a forced attention.

"It must seem strange to you, doctor, that I should trust this cursed secret to your keeping," he said, "and truth to say, it seems so to myself. I cannot account for the impulse, the irresistible power of which has forced me to disclose the hateful mystery to you—but the fact is this—beginning like a speck—this one idea has gradually darkened and dilated, until it has filled my entire mind; the solitary consciousness of the gigantic mastery it has established there, had grown intolerable—I must have told it—the sense of solitude under this aggressive and tremendous delusion, was agony, hourly death to my soul—that is the secret of my talkativeness—my sole excuse for plaguing you with the dreams of a wretched hypochondriac."

Doctor Danvers assured him that no apologies were needed; and was only restrained from adding the expression of that pity which he really felt, by the fear of irritating a temper so full of bitterness, pride, and defiance. A few minutes more, and the coach having reached its destination, they bid one another farewell, and parted.

At that time there resided in a decent mansion, in one of the northern suburbs of Dublin, a dapper little gentleman, whom we shall call Dr. Parkes. This gentleman was the proprietor, and sole professional manager of a private asylum for the insane; and enjoyed a high reputation, and a proportionate amount of business, in his melancholy calling. It was about the second day after the conversation we have just sketched, that this little gentleman having visited, according to his custom,

all his domestic patients, was about to take his accustomed walk in his somewhat restricted pleasure-grounds, when his servant announced a visitor.

"A gentleman," he repeated, "you have seen him before, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the man, "he is in the study, sir."

"Ha! a *professional* call. Well, we shall see."

So saying, the little gentleman summoned his gravest look, and hastened to the chamber of audience.

On entering, he found a man dressed well, but gravely, having, in his air and manner, something of high-breeding. In countenance striking, dark-featured, and stern, furrowed with the lines of pain or thought, rather than of age, although his dark hairs were largely mingled with white.

The physician bowed, and requested the stranger to take a chair. He, however, nodded slightly and impatiently, as if to intimate an intolerance of ceremony, and, advancing a step or two, said, abruptly—

"My name, sir, is Marston; I have come to give you a patient."

The doctor bowed with a still deeper inclination, and paused for a continuance of the communication thus auspiciously commenced.

"You are Dr. Parkes, I take it for granted," said Marston, in the same tone.

"Your most obedient, humble servant, sir," replied he, with the polite formality of the day, and another grave bow.

"Doctor," demanded Marston, fixing his eye upon him sternly, and significantly tapping his own forehead, "can you stay execution?"

The physician looked puzzled, hesitated, and at last requested his visitor to be more explicit.

"Can you," said Marston, with the same slow and stern articulation, and after a considerable pause—"can you *prevent* the malady you profess to cure?—can you meet and defeat the enemy half way?—can you scare away the spirit of madness *before* it takes actual possession, and while it is still only hovering about its threatened victim?"

"Sir," he replied, "in certain cases—in very many, indeed—the enemy, as you well call it, *may* thus be met, and effectually worsted at a distance. Timely interposition, in ninety cases out of a hundred, is *everything*; and, I assure you, I hear your questions with much pleasure, inasmuch as I assume it to have reference to the case of the patient about whom you desire to consult me; and who is, therefore, I hope, as yet merely *menaced* with the misfortune from which you would save him."

"I, myself, am that patient, sir," said Marston, with an effort; "your surmise is right. I am not mad, but unequivocally and awfully menaced with madness; it is not to be mistaken. Sir, there is no misunderstanding the tremendous and intolerable signs that glare upon my mind."

"And pray, sir, have you consulted your friends or your family upon the course best to be pursued?" inquired Dr. Parkes, with grave interest.

"No, sir," he answered sharply and almost fiercely; "I have no fancy to make myself the subject of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*; I don't want to lose my liberty and my property at a blow. The course I mean to take has been advised by no one but myself—is known to no other. I now disclose it, and the causes of it, to you, a gentleman, and my professional adviser, in the expectation that you will guard with the strictest secrecy my spontaneous revelations—this you promise me!"

"Certainly, Mr. Marston; I have neither the disposition nor the right to withhold such a promise," answered the physician.

"Well, then, I will first tell you the arrangement I purpose, with your permission, to make, and then I shall answer all your questions respecting my own case," resumed Marston, gloomily. "I wish to place myself under your care, to live under your roof, reserving my full liberty of action. I must be free to come and to go as I will; and on the other hand, I undertake that you shall find me an amenable and docile patient enough. In addition, I stipulate that there shall be no attempt whatever made to communicate with those who are connected with me; these terms agreed upon, I place myself in your hands. You will find in me, as I said before, a deferential patient, and I trust not a troublesome one. I hope you will excuse my adding, that I shall myself pay the charge of my sojourn here from week to week, in advance."

The proposed arrangement was a strange one; and although Dr. Parkes dimly foresaw some of the embarrassments which might possibly arise from his accepting it, there was yet so much that was reasonable as well as advantageous in the proposal, that he could not bring himself to decline it.

The preliminary arrangement concluded, Dr. Parkes proceeded to his more strictly professional investigation. It is, of course, needless to recapitulate the details of Marston's tormenting fancies, with which the reader has indeed been already sufficiently acquainted. Dr. Parkes, having attentively listened to the narrative, and satisfied himself as to the physical health of his patient, was still sorely puzzled as to the probable issue of the awful struggle already but too obviously commenced between the mind and its destroyer in the strange case before him. One satisfactory symptom unquestionably was, the as yet transitory nature of the delusion, and the evident and energetic tenacity with which reason contended for her vital ascendancy. It was a case, however, which for many reasons sorely perplexed him, but of which notwithstanding, he was disposed, whether rightly or wrongly the reader will speedily see, to take by no means a decidedly gloomy view.

Having disburthened his mind of this horrible secret, Marston felt for a time a sense of relief amounting almost to elation. With far less of apprehension and dismay than he had done so for months before, he that night repaired to his bed-

room. There was nothing in his case, Dr. Parkes believed, to warrant his keeping any watch upon Marston's actions, and accordingly he bid him good-night, in the full confidence of meeting him, if not better, at least not worse, on the ensuing morning.

He miscalculated, however. Marston had probably himself been conscious of some coming crisis in his hideous malady, when he took the decisive step of placing himself under the care of Dr. Parkes. Certain it is, that upon that very night the disease broke forth in a new and appalling development. Dr. Parkes, whose bedroom was next to that occupied by Marston, was awakened in the dead of the night by a howling, more like that of a beast than a human voice, and which gradually swelled into an absolute yell; then came some horrid laughter and entreaties, thick and frantic; then again the same unearthly howl. The practised ear of Dr. Parkes recognized but too surely the terrific import of these sounds. Springing from his bed, and seizing the candle which always burned in his chamber, in anticipation of such sudden and fearful emergencies, he hurried with a palpitating heart, and spite of his long habituation to such scenes as he expected, with a certain sense of horror, to the chamber of his aristocratic patient.

Late as it was, Marston had not yet gone to bed; his candle was still burning, and he himself, half dressed, stood in the centre of the floor, his sword grasped in his hand, all shaking, and livid with terror and rage—and his eyes burning with the preterhuman fires of insanity. As Dr. Parkes entered the chamber, another shout, or rather yell, thundered from the lips of this demoniac effigy; and the mad-doctor stood freezing with horror in the doorway, and yet exerting what remained to him of presence of mind, in the vain endeavor, in the flaring light of the candle, to catch and fix with his own practised eye the terrific gaze of the maniac. Second after second, and minute after minute, he stood confronting this frightful slave of Satan, in the momentary expectation that he would close with and destroy him. On a sudden, however, this brief agony of suspense was terminated—a change like an awaking consciousness of realities, or rather like the withdrawal of some hideous and visible influence from within, passed over the tense and darkened features of the wretched being—a look of horrified perplexity, doubt, and inquiry, he turned from object to object, and at last said, in a subdued and sullen tone, to Dr. Parkes—

"Who are you, sir? What do you want here? Who are you, sir, I say!"

"Who am I? Why, your physician, sir—Dr. Parkes, sir—the owner of this house, sir," replied he, with all the sternness he could command, and yet white as a spectre with agitation. "For shame, sir—for shame—to give way thus. What do you mean by creating this causeless alarm, and disturbing the whole household at so unseasonable an hour? For shame, sir—go to

your bed; undress yourself this moment—for shame."

Dr. Parkes, as he spoke, was reassured by the arrival of one of his servants, alarmed by the unmistakable sounds of violent frenzy; he signed, however, to the man not to enter, feeling confident, as he did, that the paroxysm had spent itself.

"Ay, ay," muttered Marston, looking almost sheepishly; "Dr. Parkes, to be sure. What was I thinking of? how cursedly absurd! And *this*," he continued, glancing at his sword, which he threw impatiently upon a sofa as he spoke. "Folly—nonsense! A false alarm, as you say, doctor. I beg your pardon."

As Marston spoke, he proceeded with much agitation slowly to undress himself. He had, however, but commenced the process, when, turning abruptly to Dr. Parkes, he said, with a countenance of horror, and in a whisper—

"By —, doctor, it has been upon me worse than ever. I would have sworn I had the villain with me for hours—*hours*, sir—torturing me with his damned sneering threats; till, by —, I could stand it no longer, and took my sword. Oh, doctor, doctor—my God, my God—can't you save me; can nothing be done for me?"

Pale, covered with the dews of horror, he uttered these last words in accents of such imploring despair, as might have borne across the dreadful gulf the prayer of Dives for that one drop of water which was never to cool his burning tongue.

Upon the night on which we last saw the guilty and unhappy household of Dunoran, the interview which we described being concluded, Eugenia returned to her solitude, leaving Monsieur de Barras, in a somewhat inflamed temper, to the solitary enjoyment of his moody and unprofitable meditations. He was much too angry and too excited to think of sleep. He sat, for fully half-an-hour, muttering, with folded arms and a flushed and defiant countenance. He then got up, and having retired to his own private apartment, there regaled himself with tobacco and brandy, until his uncomfortable feelings gave place to a happier train of dreamy reverie. There, with cravat removed and vest unbuttoned, we leave him, quaffing his favorite nectar, and wreathed in his narcotic clouds, in all the majestic luxury of a newly-translated demigod.

Rhoda had retired to her own room, accompanied by her faithful maid, Willett. There in the darkened chamber, lying in her sleepless bed, and longing for day, she might easily have counted the deep respirations of her profoundly unconscious attendant, sleeping soundly in the same apartment, and the loud throbbing of her own fettered heart. Hour after hour passed away, each successively finding her more keenly and excitedly vigilant than its predecessor. At last she heard a stealthy sound at the door. The bolt cautiously revolved, and Monsieur de Barras' head, partially illumined by a shaded candle, was furtively introduced. He was obviously heated with "strong drink," and his face, inflamed with insolence and sensu-

ality, appeared to her more appalling than could the most ghastly chimera of a nightmare, had it approached her in embodied and substantial shape.

This hated and dreaded form advanced, holding his breath, and on tip-toe, toward the bed where she lay. With a sudden effort, mastering the terrific fascination which held her, she started upright in her bed, and screamed in an agony of terror for Willett. The rustling in Willett's bed, and the addition of her voice, in an under key, to that which had greeted his entrance, arrested the progress of M. de Barras. He had evidently not calculated upon the presence of the attendant. Muttering some incoherent words implying that he had mistaken the apartment, and interspersing these broken sentences with abundance of suppressed but genuine imprecations, he hastily withdrew, and Willett promptly secured the door against the possibility of a renewed invasion.

This outrage was quite enough to determine Rhoda to adopt a course respecting which she had been long hesitating. Early next morning, attended by Willett, she glided from the sombre mansion, once her happy home, now grown unutterably terrible to her, and unimpeded and unsuspected, hurried in indescribable trepidation down the great avenue; keeping as she went as much under the cover of the ample rows of timber as was possible, she yet scarcely ventured to pause or look behind her, until she had passed the great gate, and entered the public road.

The reader will probably have anticipated us, when we relate that she held her way direct to Newton Park; and, on reaching the hall-door, requested the surprised domestic to inform Mrs. Mervyn that Miss Marston had taken the liberty of calling, and was most anxious to see her immediately.

"My dear young friend," said the kind lady, as soon as she had listened to poor Rhoda's narrative to its close, "I can scarcely describe the gratification with which I see you here—the happiness with which I welcome you to Newton Park; nor, indeed, the anxiety with which I constantly contemplated your trying and painful position at Dunoran. Indeed, I ought to be angry with you for having refused me this happiness so long—but you have made amends at last; though, indeed, it was impossible to have deferred it longer. You must not fancy, however, that I will consent to leave you so soon as you seem to have intended. No, no—I have found it too hard to catch you, to let you take wing so easily; beside, I have others to consult as well as myself, and persons, too, who are just as anxious as I am to make a prisoner of you here."

The good Mrs. Mervyn accompanied these words with looks so sly, and emphasis so significant, that Rhoda was fain to look down, to hide her blushes; and compassionating the confusion she herself had caused, the kind old lady led her with her to the chamber which was henceforward, as long as she consented to remain, to be her own apartment.

How that day was passed, and how fleetly its

hours sped away, it is needless to tell. Old Mervyn had his gentle as well as his grim aspect; and no welcome was ever more cordial and tender than that with which he greeted the unprotected child of his unsocial and repulsive neighbor. It would be impossible to convey any idea of the manifold and important confidences which, after the manner of young ladies, the two pretty girls—Rhoda and Emily Howard—had mutually to make after their long separation. Nor need we describe the countless assiduities and the secret delight with which young Mervyn attended their rambles.

The party were assembled at supper. What a contrast did this cheerful, happy—unutterably happy—gathering, present in the mind of Rhoda, to the dull, drear, fearful evenings which she had long been wont to pass at Dunoran!

As they sat together in cheerful and happy intercourse, a chaise drove up to the hall-door, and the knocking had hardly ceased to reverberate, when a well-known voice was audible in the hall.

Young Mervyn started to his feet, and merrily ejaculating, "Charles Marston!—this is delightful!" disappeared, and in an instant returned with Charles himself.

We pass over all the embraces of brother and sister—the tears and smiles of reunited affection. We omit the cordial shaking of hands—the kind looks of all—the tender looks of some—the questions and answers—all these, and all the little attentions of that good old-fashioned hospitality, which was never weary of demonstrating the cordiality of its welcome—we abandon to the imagination of the kind reader. After the first hilarious expansion of all the genial feelings called into play by an unexpected and welcome arrival had subsided, it speedily became manifest that Charles Marston was depressed, or, at all events, perplexed by some pressing care or anxiety. His countenance, and, more than even his looks, the fitful intervals of abstraction which interrupted his conversation, and evidenced his unconsciousness of what was passing about him, betrayed the urgency of this untold, and, as it seemed, painfully engrossing anxiety.

It was, therefore, with more of curiosity than surprise, that they heard Charles, after one of these fits of abstraction, abruptly ask old Mr. Mervyn to favor him with a few minutes' conversation, respecting a subject upon which he greatly desired his advice. With a ready assent the old gentleman arose, and led the way to his study.

"My dear sir," said Marston, as soon as they were seated and the door closed, "I do not know whether I ought to rejoice or to grieve at the strange and agitating information which has reached me. It is strange, shocking, but, at the same time, in a certain respect, most satisfactory. You will judge. It is now a few months since I received an anonymous letter, in which the writer, after strongly inveighing against Mademoiselle de Barras, declared that he was about, at an early day, to unfold to me such a train of villany and imposture upon her part, as would involve, perhaps, the necessity of placing her in the dock, to stand

her trial for felony. Little good-will had I any reason, as you know, to bear towards Mademoiselle de Barras, (for so I shall call her,) yet this letter shocked and pained me. I felt, however, that I had no choice in the matter, and that I ought not to withhold from my father the fact that such a letter had reached me. I accordingly wrote, and received from him an answer so intemperate and so strange, that I resolved not again to allude to the subject, unless it was forced upon me in such an unequivocal and fully substantiated way as to demand investigation and ulterior proceedings. Well, sir, this *has* come to pass. A little more than a fortnight previously to my leaving Oxford, I received a second letter from the same anonymous hand, enlarging, in matter of detail, upon the first, and promising further and more authenticated information. This was, a few days later, followed by a third, merely promising, in a few lines, an interview with the writer, and this time bearing the signature in full of 'John Crane.' This John Crane accordingly called upon me in my chambers, and judge yourself of the nature and effect of his communication."

Charles Marston then proceeded to detail what had passed between them, Mervyn listening meanwhile with the profoundest attention.

"And where is this John Crane?" inquired Mervyn, as soon as the strange narrative was concluded.

"I have brought him with me," answered young Marston: "I called here for the purpose of consulting you before going to Dunoran, as I am really agitated as to what course I ought to pursue."

"Well," said Mervyn, "it strikes me that this occurrence is a most fortunate one for you and for your sister, and indeed, I may add, for Mr. Marston himself. The effect of it must be to dis sever a connection which has been the curse of your family. Your father fancies me his enemy. I cannot disabuse his mind, but you will believe me when I say, that so far from wishing him ill, my earnest desire is to see him occupying the position which he ought to fill—to see him disenthralled from a bondage at once so degrading, and so grievous to be borne. I speak frankly to you, my young friend, and know you will not take offence at my plain expressions. Your father is a hot-tempered, and, I fear, an implacable man, and I have little hope of our ever being upon terms of pleasant intercourse; but, although he has once or twice succeeded in making me a little angry, I bear him no grudge; and thus far I believe you will bear me out."

"Indeed, my dear sir, I well know it," replied Charles, "and that I do so is proved, if no otherwise, by my consulting you upon a matter so nearly concerning his dearest interests, and throwing them and my own conduct entirely into your hands. Do, therefore, my dear and honored friend, give me, freely and without fear of misconstruction, your advice in this painful and difficult emergency."

Mervyn mused for a time, and then observed—

"I think it very fortunate that your father happens to be absent just now. It was his intention to have met you, and returned in your company from Dublin; he will, therefore, probably not continue long from home; and it appears to me advisable in the highest degree that the crisis of this affair should have taken place before his return."

"The crisis! Then you think it necessary to proceed upon the information I have received?" asked Charles.

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Mervyn; "there is no honest alternative; you cannot do otherwise. I will myself take the information of this witness, John Crane—make out a warrant, and arrest the Frenchwoman to-night; and we can send her back to gaol in the chaise which brought you hither."

There was in the stern promptitude with which Mervyn proposed to act, something repulsive to the feelings of the younger man—something almost terrible. A few minutes' reflection, however, satisfied him that, sooner or later, such a step must be taken; and, as the procedure was inevitable, the desirableness of despatch, for every reason, was apparent.

"How did this John Crane come to be cognizant of the facts?" inquired Mervyn, pursuing the train of his own reflections.

"He was in Sir Wynston Berkley's service when he was at Rouen, where he formed an acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Barras," answered Marston, "and afterwards he was for nearly a year a servant in an English family resident in the same neighborhood, where mademoiselle was subsequently domesticated as governess. But it was long previously to this that he witnessed the important event; and here, too, was received from Mademoiselle de Barras that injury, which, if I mistake not, he now seeks to avenge."

"Ay, ay," said Mervyn—"wheel within wheel—complication of motive and relation, as usual; and this injury was——"

"Why, as he supposes, having her own reasons for removing him," answered Charles, "she managed, without his discovering, or even suspecting her share in the matter—until within a few months since, he heard all in a chance interview with an old fellow-servant—she contrived, as I say, without appearing in the matter, to have his honesty suspected, and he was discharged in consequence without a character; and there, as I suspect, lies the whole motive of his conduct. The unhappy connection with my father he learned from one of the late Sir Wynston's servants, whom he had known in France."

"His story is, however, consistent, whatever may be his motive," observed Mervyn. "If he forswears himself, he does so at his own proper peril—we must receive, and act upon, his sworn deposition. As for you, I think it will be well, in order to avoid exciting their suspicion, that you should at once proceed to Dunoran. They will, unquestionably, soon hear of your arrival here—if indeed, they have not already done so—and, in

the process of their inquiries, goodness knows what other circumstances may come to their ears. Your witness, for instance, may have been talking amongst the servants. Do you, therefore, proceed to Dunoran as speedily as you may. I will see to all the rest, and follow as soon as preparations are completed."

As Charles was hurrying from Mr. Mervyn's study, intending, without again joining the party in the supper-room, to set out forthwith for Dunoran, he was encountered accidentally in the hall by Willet. With a kind but hurried greeting he was about to pass her, when one or two expressions which escaped her in her voluble welcome, touching her young mistress, fixed his attention and arrested his progress. Once engaged upon such a theme, it may easily be imagined he did not leave her until he had extracted from her a recital, inflamed with countless exaggerations, after the manner of such narrators, of the insolence to which his sister had been subjected by M. de Barras.

Such a narrative, it may easily be conceived, did not tend much to mitigate the feelings, or to calm the excitement with which he might naturally have been supposed to approach the inmates of Dunoran. From his father he had inherited a fiery and somewhat haughty temper, and his pride and his indignation were incensed to the uttermost at the idea of the insult which had been offered to his beloved and unprotected sister, in her own home, by this audacious French parasite. Snuffing the night air angrily, and with rapid strides, he traversed the sombre interval of ancient woodland which interposed between Newton Park and the desolate mansion-house of Dunoran. His mind agitated and engrossed by these energetic and stormy emotions, he was scarcely conscious of the interval he had passed when he found himself under the shadow of its melancholy and neglected walls.

Without giving any summons, he turned the latch-pin, movable, as in many Irish country houses, from the outside. Neither bar nor bolt secured the door as yet; and pushing it open, he stood alone, and unperceived, in the solemn shadow of the old hall. Here he paused for a moment. There was in his peculiar situation something so unwonted, and even horrible, that a sense of awe overcame him, and he felt as an avenging spectre, stealing by night, unfelt and unseen, through old familiar scenes upon its preternatural mission, might be fancied to do. He passed in to the inner hall; a door opening from it was ajar, and a light shone through the aperture. Charles Marston entered, and found himself alone with the handsome Frenchwoman.

She started, and changed color. Perhaps the awkwardness of Rhoda's absence, and the difficulty of accounting for it satisfactorily, disconcerted her; or, it may be, one of those mysterious and ominous misgivings, portending unknown and undefined disaster, agitated her soul; or perhaps, again, there was that in Marston's countenance

which spoke of danger. She looked in his face with a gloomy surprise, and coldly said—

"Mr. Marston is in Dublin, and we did not expect you to-night. Your arrival is unlooked for; but whatever you require, you can have."

And so saying, she rang the bell, and again fixed her full dark eyes anxiously upon him.

Spite of all his sense of right, Charles Marston felt a certain commotion and sickening of the heart, as he looked upon the fated, forlorn, and guilty being, upon whose defenceless head a storm so irresistibly awful was about to burst.

"I require nothing—nothing at present," he said, in subdued and hurried accents.

A long pause ensued, in which the servant came and went—an ominous and painful interval.

"Where is my sister?" asked he abruptly, and with the unacknowledged design, it may be, of forcing his mind into a channel less painful than the compunctious and half-relenting one into which it was insensibly gliding.

"She is gone to visit a friend," answered 'madame,' with a perceptible change of color; and while she spoke, as fortune would have it, M. de Barras swaggered lazily into the room.

The sight of this ruffian, doubly hateful from all he had lately learned of him—presented at the very moment, too, when the image of his insulted sister has risen before his mind—the sister whom his unmanly insolence had driven from the house whose comforts and command he was now coolly usurping—this provoking apparition was seasonably presented, and in a moment all the fierce and angry emotions which Charles at first experienced, had rushed back with a fury a hundredfold intensified.

"Ah!—*parbleu*—Master Charles, himself, I suppose!" ejaculated he, in his native tongue, at the same time throwing himself carelessly into a chair, and eying the young man with supercilious familiarity.

"Where is my sister, and for what cause has she left the house?" he reiterated, in a tone which showed how fearfully his wrath had been kindled at sight of the easy Frenchman.

"Answer him—why don't you answer him, *ma sœur*?" said M. de Barras, carelessly.

"Sister!—how dare you call madame there your sister?" said Marston, sternly.

M. de Barras started perceptibly, and darted a frightened glance of inquiry at the Frenchwoman. She stood motionless as a figure of stone, and so deadly pale, that she appeared on the very point of fainting.

"Yes," cried Marston, fiercely, "your looks betray you. Sister, indeed! abominable, degraded impostor!"

"Why, what do you mean? a hundred thousand devils, what do you mean, Monsieur?" cried the Frenchman, assuming the tone and swagger of a bully.

"You know what I mean, dog!—Madame there knows what I mean," thundered Charles, losing

all command of himself, "she is not your sister—she is your WIFE."

"My—my—my wife?" faltered de Barras, with a corpse-like visage.

"Ay, your wife—your *wife*; mean, pitiful scoundrel!" cried Charles.

"Why, how is this?—what do you say?—wife, wife, indeed! My faith! the young gentleman has strange dreams," said mademoiselle, rallying a little, with an effort, and affecting to laugh, but looking ghastly as death.

"Don't fancy that you can maintain the vile cheat one hour longer," persisted the young man; "man and wife you two are—man and wife; and I can prove it, and *will* prove it, too, where proof will have its proper weight. I have not come unprovided with testimony; I have a witness with me—one whom you well remember—whose name will confound you—the servant who himself witnessed the ceremony. You cannot pretend to forget John Crane, who, at your own desire, witnessed the marriage: he is with me; I have brought him here; and we shall soon see whether his testimony is worthy of credit or not."

Mademoiselle de Barras attempted to speak—cleared her voice, and again attempted it; but all her wonted presence of mind, her practised coolness and courage, forsook her, and she trembled violently, merely repeating, after an interval, in a gasping whisper, "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*"

"And you, sir—not Monsieur de Barras"—pursued Charles, with bitter and furious scorn, "but Monsieur Rocqueville, as I am informed—you, detestable, abject scoundrel! you have dared to insult my sister, Miss Marston in her own home, and to force her to seek an asylum in the house of a stranger. Execrable poltroon! what can you answer to this charge?"

"*Ma foi!*" cried the Frenchman, setting his arms akimbo, while his countenance wore that worst of characters, a mixture of livid fear and fury; "here is a pretty piece of work, and all got up by a fool of a coxcomb. Psha! the girl knows what she is about, and was glad of an excuse to throw herself into young Monsieur Mervyn's arms."

The cool insolence of this reply transported Marston to such a pitch of fury, that forgetting every consideration in his sense of outrage and audacity, he collared the rascal, and struck him, with his whole force, twice in the face with his clenched hand. He staggered, nearly stunned, against the wall, and recovering himself, half drew his sword, but returned it with vehemence to its scabbard, and slunk muttering from the room, the very type of a cowed and malignant bully. With the disappearance of this wretch, Charles Marston's furious excitement subsided, and he looked round the room like one newly awakened from a fit of delirium. He felt a painful revulsion as his eye lighted upon the form of the young, the lost and miserable being, whose destruction was now inevitably drawing near. He

turned and stood in the doorway, with his face averted. After a few moments of silence, he heard a slight rustling behind him, and a hand was laid upon his arm. He looked round—*mademoiselle* was gazing up into his face, with a look so wan, so imploring and wo-begone, that he felt a pang of pity, almost of fear, stir his heart. This look of mute, agonized entreaty, was fixed on him for many seconds, and then, without one word spoken, the wretched and guilty woman glided to a sofa, sat down, and covered her face with her hands.

Oppressed with a strange and horrible conflict of feelings, he hurried silently from her presence, resolved to stay the execution of the warrant until the morning, and himself to escape the harrowing spectacle.

With feelings very different from those with which he had approached the house, he now emerged into the chill night air, and pursued his solitary way under the airy vaulting of the solemn and densely dark trees; and ever as he went he seemed to hear the rustling sound behind him—to feel the light pressure on his arm—and to see the death-like features, and full, earnest eyes of the doomed Frenchwoman, upturned to his face.

He felt the inevitability of the measure about to be taken—his reason acknowledged alike its necessity and its justice. He saw too that, morally, he would himself be accessory to abominable and flagitious imposture, if he suppressed the evidence, which it was impossible to make public without the destruction of the fallen woman, for whom, spite of everything, he could not divest his mind of some sentiment of compassion.

It was now arranged that, on the next morning, the guilty woman should be arrested, and Charles Marston laid his throbbing head upon the pillow that night in great perturbation and excitement.

When the gray light of morning visited his sleepless eyes, Charles Marston rose, sorely troubled in mind—filled with new anxieties and alarms—foremost among which was the conjecture that his father might, in the interval, have haply returned, and that, in the wayward and ungoverned burst of fury too likely to be evoked in the coming collision, he might commit some act of crime or violence which would fatally compromise himself.

Mr. Mervyn, more than ever impressed with the importance (as regarded the interests, prospects, and position of his young friends, in whose welfare he took so keen an interest) of successfully conducting the painful but necessary measures which he himself had advised, determined that no conventional obstacles of false delicacy should stand in the way of what he regarded as a duty, and an act of mercy to an abused and injured family, and himself accompanied the party who proceeded to Dunoran upon this unwonted and disagreeable mission.

It was a dreary, misty, ominous morning, and, brushing the moisture from the withered grass, Charles Marston paced and repaced the space which lay under the wall of the gate-house of

Newton Park, awaiting, in agitated suspense, the return of the little party whose departure he had so lately witnessed.

Twenty times did he consult his watch, and listen breathlessly for the sound of their return; more and more painful, minute after minute, did his suspense become. At length, when nearly twice the interval on which he had calculated had actually expired, he heard the rumble and grinding of the chaise wheels rapidly approaching. His first impulse was to run forward and anticipate its arrival—his next was to draw further back from the entrance, and postpone, if possible, the scene which was now so painfully imminent. With a beating heart and pale face, he awaited the approaching disclosure. The vehicle stopped, and Mr. Mervyn alone got out.

"Egad, Charles, they have stolen a march upon us; they left the place together last night, not an hour after your visit," said Mr. Mervyn.

"She has escaped, then?" said Charles.

"Ay, ay, the demirep—she has got the start of us by ten good hours," replied he.

"Thank God!" said Charles, mechanically, and drawing a deep sigh.

"Hey! egad, I suspect you're a blockhead, sir," said old Mervyn, testily.

Marston hastened to appease the worthy old gentleman's irritation, by a profusion of thanks and acknowledgments for his kindness and advice.

"Well, well," said he, "the thing can't be helped; so let us dismiss it, at all events, for the present, and get home to our breakfast."

And, so saying, he placed his arm in that of the young man, and they walked together to the house.

* * * * *

Mademoiselle de Barras was indeed the wife of *Rocqueville*—married but to be cast off and forsaken by the villain whom she had loved with something like idolatry. Thrown upon the world, with a heart fired with resentment, and wrung with sorrow, she had yielded up her soul to the darkest passions and the wildest grief. For years she had neither seen nor heard of him, and for years the struggling emotions of sorrow, fierce resentment, and unavailing love, maintained her, in the absence of higher and better influences, against the assaults of those constant temptations to which, in a dissolute age, her extreme beauty, and now unprotected condition, exposed her. Naturally ambitious and intriguing, the perilous tendencies of such a spirit had never been schooled in her by the mighty and benignant principles of religion. Of her accidental acquaintance at Rouen with Sir Wynston Berkeley, and her subsequent introduction, in an evil hour, into the family at Dunoran, it is unnecessary to speak. The unhappy terms on which she found Marston living with his wife, suggested, in their mutual alienation, the idea of founding a double influence in the household; and to conceive the idea, and to act upon it, were, in her active mind, the same. Young, beautiful, fascinating, she well knew the power of her attrac-

tions, and determined, though probably without one thought of transgressing the limits of literal propriety, to bring them all to bear upon the discontented, retired *roué*, for whom she cared absolutely nothing, except as the instrument, and in part the victim of her schemes. Thus yielding to the double instinct that swayed her, she gratified, at the same time, her love of intrigue and her love of power. At length, however, came the hour which demanded a sacrifice to the evil influence she had hitherto worshipped on such easy terms. She found that her power must now be secured by crime, and she fell. Then came the arrival of Sir Wynston—his murder—her elopement with Marston, and, in the midst of her guilty and joyless triumph, the arrival of her husband, who, reduced, by some one of those reverses incident even to the expertest of gamblers, to destitution, bethought him at last of his wife, made inquiries, traced, followed, and found her. Her situation enabled him to command his own terms; and, strange to say, spite of his meanness, rapacity, and selfish profligacy, she still loved him. What can entirely kill the first love of a woman's heart, or what entirely disenchant the once idolized object? Thus bound together in degraded conspiracy, they lived on from day to day. At last, however, came the blow, long suspended and terrific, which shattered all their hopes and schemes, and drove them once again upon the world. She and her husband made their way unobstructed to Dublin, where they parted, and by different routes met again in London, and thence pursued their way to Paris. Arrived in the capital of France, Rocqueville speedily dissipated, in the profligate courses to which he immediately returned, whatever remained of the money and valuables which his wife had taken with her from Dunoran in her hurried flight; and Madame de Rocqueville, as she now styled herself, was glad to place herself once more as governess in an aristocratic family. So far her good fortune had prevailed in averting the punishment but too well-earned by her past life. But a day of reckoning was to come. A few years later, France was involved in the uproar and conflagration of revolution. Noble families were scattered, beggared, decimated; and their dependants, often dragged along with them into the flaming abyss, in many instances suffered the last dire extremities of human ill. It was at this awful period that a retribution so frightful and so extraordinary overtook Madame de Rocqueville, that we may hereafter be tempted to make it the subject of a separate and detailed narrative. Until then the reader will rest satisfied with what he already knows of her history; and meanwhile bid a long, and as it may possibly turn out, an eternal farewell to that beautiful embodiment of an evil and disastrous influence.

Charles Marston, with the advice of his friend, Mr. Mervyn, resolved to lose no time in proceeding to Dublin, whither it was ascertained his father had gone, with the declared intention of meeting

and accompanying him home. He arrived in town in the evening; and having previously learned that Dr. Danvers had been for some days in Dublin, he at once sought him at his usual lodgings, and found the worthy old gentleman at his solitary "dish" of tea.

"My dear Charles," said he, greeting his young friend with earnest warmth, "I am rejoiced beyond measure to see you. Your father is in town, as you supposed; and I have just had a note from him, which has, I confess, not a little agitated me, referring, as it does, to a subject of painful and horrible interest—one with which, I suppose, you are familiar, but upon which I myself have never yet spoken fully to any person, excepting your father only."

"And pray, my dear sir, what is this topic?" inquired Charles, with marked interest.

"Read this note," answered the clergyman, placing one at the same time in his young visitor's hand.

Charles read as follows:—

My dear Sir,—I have a singular communication to make to you, but in the strictest privacy; with reference to a subject which merely to name, is to awaken feelings of doubt and horror—I mean the confession of Merton, with respect to the murder of Wynston Berkley. I will call upon you this evening after dark; for I have certain reasons for not caring to meet old acquaintances about town; and if you can afford me half-an-hour, I promise to complete my intended disclosure within that time. Let us be strictly private—this is my only proviso.

Yours with much respect,

RICHARD MARSTON.

"Your father has been sorely troubled in mind," said Dr. Danvers, as soon as the young man had read this communication; "he has told me as much; it may be that the discovery he has now made may possibly have relieved him of certain galling anxieties. The fear that unjust suspicion should light upon himself, or those connected with him, has, I dare say, tormented him sorely. God grant, that as the providential unfolding of all the details of this mysterious crime comes about, he may be brought to recognize, in the just, terrible process, the hand of Heaven! God grant, that at last his heart may be softened, and his spirit illuminated by the blessed influence he has so long and so sternly rejected!"

As the old man thus spake—as if in symbolic answering to his prayer—a sudden glory from the setting sun streamed through the funereal pile of clouds which filled the western horizon, and flooded the chamber where they were.

After a silence, Charles Marston said, with some little embarrassment, "It may be a strange confession to make, though, indeed, hardly so to you—for you know but too well the gloomy reserve with which my father has uniformly treated me—that the exact nature of Merton's confession never reached my ears; and once or twice, when I approached the subject, in conversation with you, it seemed to me that the subject was one which, for some reason, it was painful to you to enter upon."

"And so it was, in truth, my young friend—so it was; for that confession left behind it many fearful doubts, proving, indeed, nothing but the one fact, that, *morally*, the wretched man was guilty of the murder."

Charles, urged by a feeling of the keenest interest, requested Dr. Danvers to detail to him the particulars of the dying man's narration.

"Willingly," answered Dr. Danvers, with a look of gloom, and heaving a profound sigh—"willingly, for you have now come to an age when you may safely be entrusted with secrets affecting your own family, and which, although, thank God, as I believe, they in no respect involve the honor of any one of its members, yet might deeply involve its peace and its security against the assaults of vague and horrible slander. Here, then, is the narrative: Merton, when he was conscious of the approach of death, qualified, by a circumstantial and detailed statement, the absolute confession of guilt which he had at first sullenly made. In this he declared that the guilt of design and intention only was his—that in the act itself he had been *anticipated*. He stated, that from the moment when Sir Wynston's servant had casually mentioned the circumstance of his master's usually sleeping with his watch and pocket-book under his pillow, the idea of robbing him had taken possession of his mind. With the idea of robbing him (under the peculiar circumstances, his servant sleeping in the apartment close by, and the slightest alarm being, in all probability, sufficient to call him to the spot) the idea of anticipating resistance by murder had associated itself. He had contended against these haunting and growing solicitations of Satan with an earnest and horrible agony. He had intended to leave his place, and fly from the mysterious temptation which he felt he wanted power to combat, but accident or fate prevented him. In a state of ghastly excitement he had, on the memorable night of Sir Wynston's murder, proceeded, as had afterwards appeared in evidence, by the back stair to the baronet's chamber; he had softly stolen into it, and proceeded to the bedside, with the weapon in his hand. He drew his breath for the decisive stroke, which was to bereave the (supposed) sleeping man of life, and when stretching his left hand under the clothes, it rested upon a dull, cold corpse, and, at the same moment, his right hand was immersed in a pool of blood. He dropped the knife, recoiled a pace or so, and a feeling of absolute terror for a moment froze him. With a painful effort, however, he again grasped with his hand to recover the weapon he had suffered to escape, and secured, as it afterwards turned out, not the knife with which he had meditated the commission of his crime, but the dagger which was afterwards found where he had concealed it. He was now fully alive to the horror of his situation; he was compromised as fully as if he had in very deed driven home the weapon which had let out the heart's blood of the dead sinner who was lying in the dark beside him. To be found under such circum-

stances, would convict him as surely as if fifty eyes had seen him strike the murderous blow. He had nothing now for it but flight; and in order to guard himself against the contingency of being surprised from the door opening upon the corridor, he bolted it; then groped under the murdered man's pillow for the booty which had so fatally fascinated his imagination. Here he was disappointed. What further happened you already know."

Charles listened with breathless attention to this recital, and after a painful interval, said:—

"Then the actual murderer is, after all, unascertained. This is, indeed, horrible; it was very natural that my father should have felt the danger to which such a disclosure would have exposed the reputation of our family, yet *I* should have preferred encountering it, were it ten times as great, to the equivocal prudence of suppressing the truth with respect to a murder committed under my own roof."

"He has, however, it would seem, arrived at some new conclusions," said Dr. Danvers, "and is now prepared to throw some unanticipated light upon the whole transaction."

Even as they were talking, a knocking was heard at the hall-door, and after a brief and hurried consultation, it was agreed, that considering the strict condition of privacy attached to this visit by Mr. Marston himself, as well as his reserved and wayward temper, it might be better for Charles to avoid presenting himself to his father on this occasion. A few seconds afterwards the door opened, and Mr. Marston entered the apartment. It was now dark, and the servant, unbidden, placed candles upon the table. Without answering one word to Dr. Danvers' greeting, Marston sat down, as it seemed, in agitated abstraction. Removing his hat suddenly, (for he had not even made this slight homage to the laws of courtesy,) he looked round with a careworn, fiery eye, and a pale countenance, and said—

"We are quite alone, Dr. Danvers—no one anywhere near!"

Dr. Danvers assured him that all was secure.

After a long and agitated pause, Marston said—

"You remember Merton's confession. He admitted his *intention* to kill Berkley, but denied that he was the actual murderer. He spoke truth—no one knew it better than I; for *I* am the murderer!"

Dr. Danvers was so shocked and overwhelmed that he was utterly unable to speak.

"Ay, sir, in point of law and of morals, literally and honestly, the **MURDERER** of Wynston Berkley. I am resolved that you shall know it all. Make what use of it you will—I care for nothing now, but to get rid of the d—d, unsustainable secret, and that is done. I did not intend to kill the scoundrel when I went to his room; but with the just feelings of exasperation with which I regarded him, it would have been wiser had I avoided the interview; and I meant to have done so. But

his candle was burning; I saw the light through the door, and went in. It was his evil fortune to indulge in his old strain of sardonic impertinence. He provoked me; I struck him—he struck me again—and with his own dagger I stabbed him three times. I did not know what I had done—I could not believe it. I felt neither remorse nor sorrow—why should I!—but the thing was horrible, astounding. There he sat in the corner of his cushioned chair, with the old fiendish smile on still. Sir, I never thought that any human shape could look so dreadful. I don't know how long I stayed there, freezing with horror and detestation, and yet unable to take my eyes from the d—d face. Did you see it in the coffin? Sir, there was a sneer of triumph on it that was diabolic and prophetic."

Marston was fearfully agitated as he spoke, and repeatedly wiped from his face the cold sweat that gathered there.

"I could not leave the room by the back stairs," he resumed, "for the valet slept in the intervening chamber. I felt such an appalling antipathy to the body that I could scarce muster courage to pass it. But, sir, I am not easily cowed—I mastered this repugnance in a few minutes—or, rather, I acted in spite of it, I knew not how—but instinctively it seemed to me that it was better to lay the body in the bed, than leave it where it was, showing, as its position might, that the thing occurred in an altercation. So, sir, I raised it, and bore it softly across the room, and laid it in the bed; and, while I was carrying it, it swayed forward, the arms glided round my neck, and the head rested against my cheek—that was a parody upon a brotherly embrace!"

"I do not know at what moment it was, but some time when I was carrying Wynston, or laying him in the bed," continued Marston, who spoke rather like one pursuing a horrible reverie, than as a man relating facts to a listener, "I heard a light tread, and soft breathing, in the lobby. A thunder-clap would have stunned me less than minute. I moved softly, holding my breath, to the door. I believe, in moments of strong excitement, men hear more acutely than at other times; but I thought I heard the rustling of a gown, going from the door again. I waited—it ceased; I waited until all was quiet. I then extinguished the candle, and groped my way to the door; there was a faint degree of light in the corridor, and I thought I saw a head projected from the chamber-door next to the Frenchwoman's—mademoiselle's. As I came on, it was softly withdrawn, and the door not quite noiselessly closed. I could not be absolutely certain, but I learned all afterward. And now, sir, you have the story of Sir Wynston's murder."

Doctor Danvers groaned in spirit, being wrung alike with fear and sorrow. With hands clasped, and head bowed down, in an exceeding bitter agony of soul, he murmured only the words of the litany—"Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us! Lord, have mercy upon us!"

Marston had recovered his usual lowering aspect and gloomy self-possession in a few moments, and was now standing erect and defiant before the humbled and afflicted minister of God. The contrast was terrible—almost sublime.

Doctor Danvers resolved to keep this dreadful secret, at least for a time, to himself. He could not make up his mind to inflict upon those whom he loved so well as Charles and Rhoda the shame and agony of such a disclosure; yet he was sorely troubled—for his was a conflict of duty and mercy—of love and justice.

He told Charles Marston, when urged with earnest inquiry, that what he had heard that evening was intended solely for his own ear, and gently but peremptorily declined telling, at least until some future time, the substance of his father's communication.

Charles now felt it necessary to see his father, for the purpose of letting him know the substance of the evidence which had reached him, and also the events which had so recently occurred at Dunoran. Accordingly he proceeded, accompanied by Dr. Danvers, on the next morning, to the hotel where Marston had intimated his intention of passing the night.

On their inquiring for him in the hall, the porter appeared much perplexed and disturbed, and as they pressed him with questions, his answers became conflicting and mysterious. Mr. Marston was there—he had slept there last night; he could not say whether or not he was then in the house; but he knew that no one could be admitted to see him. He would, if the gentlemen wished it, send their cards to (*not* Mr. Marston, but) the *proprietor*; and, finally, he concluded by begging that they would themselves see "the proprietor," and despatched a waiter to apprise him of the circumstances of the visit. There was something odd, and even sinister, in all this, which, along with the whispering and the curious glances of the waiters, who happened to hear the errand on which they came, inspired the two companions with vague and fearful misgivings which they did not care mutually to disclose.

In a few moments they were shown into a small sitting-room up stairs, where the proprietor, a fussy little gentleman, and apparently very uneasy and frightened, received them.

"We have called here to see Mr. Marston," said Dr. Danvers, "and the porter has referred us to you."

"Yes, sir, exactly—precisely so," answered the little man, fidgeting excessively, and, as it seemed, growing paler, every instant; "but—but, in fact, sir, there is—there has been—in short, have you not heard of the—the *accident*?" He wound up with a prodigious effort, and wiped his forehead when he had done.

"Pray, sir, be explicit; we are near friends of Mr. Marston—in fact, sir, this is his son," said Dr. Danvers, pointing to Charles Marston; "and we are both uneasy at the strange mystery with

which our inquiries have been met. Do, I entreat of you, say what has happened!"

"Why—why," hesitated the man, "I really—I would not for five hundred pounds it had happened in my house. The—the unhappy gentleman has, in short——" He glanced at Charles, as if afraid of the effect of the disclosure he was on the point of making, and then hurriedly said, "He is dead, sir; he was found dead in his room—this morning, at eight o'clock. I assure you I have not been myself ever since."

Charles Marston was so stunned and overcome by this sudden blow, that he was upon the point of fainting. Rallying, however, with a strong effort, he demanded to be conducted to the chamber where the body lay. The man assented, but hesitated on reaching the door, and whispered something in the ear of Dr. Danvers, who, as he heard it, raised his hands and eyes with a mute expression of horror, and turning to Charles, said—

"My dear young friend, remain where you are for a few moments; I will return to you immediately, and tell you whatever I have ascertained. You are in no condition for such a scene at present."

Charles, indeed, felt that the fact was so, and sick and giddy, suffered Dr. Danvers, with gentle compulsion, to force him into a seat.

In silence the venerable clergyman followed his conductor. With a palpitating heart he advanced to the bedside, and twice essayed to draw the curtain, and twice lost courage; but gathering resolution at last, he pulled the drapery aside, and beheld all he was to see again of Richard Marston. The bedclothes were drawn, so as nearly to cover the mouth; the eyes were open, and the face was hideously swollen.*

* A common phenomenon in such cases; the severed muscles shrinking up into the face.

"There is the wound, sir," whispered the man, as with coarse officiousness he drew back the bedclothes from the throat of the corpse, and exhibited a frightful, yawning gash, as it seemed, nearly severing the head from the body. With sickening horror Dr. Danvers turned away from the awful spectacle. He covered his face in his hands, and it seemed to him as if a soft, solemn voice whispered in his ear the mystic words, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

The hand which, but a few years before, had, unsuspected, consigned a fellow-mortal to the grave, had itself avenged the murder—Marston had perished by his own hand.

The concluding chapter in a novel is always brief, though seldom so short as the world would have it. In a tale like this, the "winding up" must be proportionably contracted. We have scarcely a claim to so many lines as the formal novelist may occupy pages, in the distribution of poetic justice, and the final grouping of his characters into that effective tableau upon which, at last, the curtain gracefully descends. We, too, may be all the briefer, inasmuch as the reader has doubtless anticipated the little we have to say. It amounts then to this:—Within two years after the fearful event which we have just recorded, a double alliance had drawn together, in nearer and dearer union, the inmates of Dunoran and Newton Park. Charles Marston had won and wed the fair Emily Howard. Rhoda had given her hand to young Mervyn. Of ulterior consequences we say nothing—the nursery is above our province. And now, at length, after three months' journey through somewhat stern and gloomy scenery, in this long-deferred flood of golden sunshine we bid thee, gentle reader, a kind farewell.

LOVE IN SORROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MAIDEN AUNT.

WHAT shall I do for thee? Thou hast my prayers,
Ceaseless as stars around the great white throne;
No passing angel but to heaven bears

Thy name, wreathed round with some sweet orison;

Yet evil on thy path may come and go,
Taking deliberate aim to lay thee low,
While I stand still, a looker-on, to prove
The penury and silence of my love!

How can I comfort thee? my tears are thine;

Full duteously upon thy griefs they wait;

If thou art wronged, the bitterness is mine,

If thou art lonely, I am desolate;

Yet still upon thy brow the darkness lies,
Still the drops gather in thy plaintive eyes,
The nails are sharp, the cross weighs heavily—
I cannot weep away one pang for thee!

The midnight deepens—and I cannot guide;

The tempest threatens—and I cannot shield;

I must behold thee wounded, tempted, tried,

Oh, agony—I may behold thee yield!

What boots that altar in my heart, whereon
Thy royal image stands, unbreathed upon,
And pure, and guarded from irreverent glance,
With a so vainly jealous vigilance!

Oh, were this all! But no—I have the power

To grieve thee by unwary tone or deed,

Or, niggard in my fear, to miss the hour

For comforting with hope thy time of need,

To hide, too shyly, half the love I feel,

Too roughly touch the wound I seek to heal,

Or even, (oh, pardon!) wayward and unjust,

To wrong thee by some moment of mistrust.

Yet I would die for thee, and thou for me;

We know this of each other, and forgive

Those tremblings of our frail mortality,

So prompt to die, yet so afraid to live.

Lift we our eyes to heaven! Love greets us
thence

Disrobed of its earthly impotence,

Even human love—below, still doomed to be

Stronger than death, feeblér than infancy!

From the Examiner.

LORD BROUGHAM'S LAST ESCAPEDE.

The grapes are sour. When we read Lord Brougham's invective against the French Republic we made sure he had been refused something, so familiar to us from long experience is his termagant note of disappointment. England is too narrow a field for the activity and ambition of Lord Brougham. *Æstuat infelix angusto limite, ut Gyarae clausus scopulis*, and further, he lacks preferment, so he desired two strings to his bow, two countries to be native of, and a new civic birth to the French Republic. The hack Brougham of London would be a citadin in Paris. He proposed to be a sort of double-barrelled subject, or a Castor and Pollux between the two nations, the Brougham busying himself in the affairs of the one when his animation was suspended in the other. The French minister unfortunately could not comprehend this sort of arrangement, by which a man was to split himself and divide his nationality and allegiance. If Lord Brougham could so halve himself out, he could by the same rule mince himself over all Europe or the whole world. What he proposed was to cease to be individual, he coveted dividuality. The desires of his heart have always been to make much of himself, so he aspired to be Frenchman as well as Briton, and to put in for the honors of both states, not bearing in mind the reproof which the termagant Eurydice administers to her spouse in the burlesque,

"How durst thou, Orpheus, think of two?
When one's too much by one for you."

The French minister had the awkward pain of having to instruct the learned ex-chancellor that a double allegiance was not permissible even to the most double of mankind. "You must take your choice," said M. Cremieux, "of being Frenchman or Englishman; you cannot be the one in the one country and the other in the other. To claim the citizenship the peerage must be abdicated." These terms did not at all suit my Lord Brougham, and the grape of France became forthwith as sour as verjuice.

Presently the republican institutions, especially to signalize his confidence in which he had applied for naturalization, were denounced by him as fatal to liberty, and favorable only to the elevation of the scum of society to the surface.

We are not sure that the latter opinion is at all inconsistent with the solicitation of naturalization. When the miser heard a touching sermon inculcating deeds of charity, he observed to a neighbor, "This discourse so forcibly impresses the duty of bestowing alms, and has had such powerful effect to that end on the congregation, that I have serious thoughts of going begging."

Now when Lord Brougham saw institutions established which in his opinion conduced to the elevation not of the best of subjects, he may not unreasonably have thought that at last a chance for him was come, and he was accordingly all agog to plunge into the pot in which the scum

was likely to seethe uppermost. The boiling waters would have doubtless made him another Æson. But, alas! republican France won't have him in its hot water. It will not hold a corner in the thing it loves. The indivisible republic will not have the fraction of a citizen with his head in the English peerage and his heels in the mire of France. The disappointment is a bitter one, and again poor Lord Brougham wears the willow, crossed in his affections; and the love, as usual in such cases of the *spretæ injuria formæ*, turns to the most rancorous disdain and hate.

Lord Brougham pretends now that his application for naturalization was only to save his property, and that his opinion of the republican form of government has never varied. Perhaps not; but the world attaches a very ugly name to a man's profession of an opinion which he does not entertain, or as Homer has it, who hides one sentiment in his heart and utters another. The reproach does not attach to Lord Brougham's opinion of a republic, whatever it may be, but to the profession of a contrary opinion, to gain an object at the expense of sincerity and truth. And this is the man who talks with virtuous abhorrence of the duplicities that may be incidental to secret voting. An elector's false profession of an opinion and purpose to save him from persecution, is an immorality which Lord Brougham cannot contemplate without the profoundest disgust; but, according to his own showing, he himself is quite ready to say the thing that is not, for the preservation of a little property. Shabby as the attempted explanation is, it is utterly incredible, for a preposterous application which could not be acceded to, could not possibly in any way have improved the security of his property, the only chance of any danger to which has risen out of the gross insult he has consequently offered to the French government. The lame excuse will impose on no one. Lord Brougham wanted the political stage of another country to play his many parts on, and was infuriated at being refused. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

But what has Charles Albert of Sardinia done, who comes in for so large a share of Lord Brougham's vituperation? Has he refused the learned lord the command of the invading army of Lombardy? And the pope, too, charged with the offence, so intolerable and odious to Lord Brougham, of vanity. Has his holiness denied priest's orders and a cardinal's hat?

Austria alone is at this moment in the good graces of Lord Brougham, who has doubtless an eye to the place vacated by Prince Metternich. Who is there here who will not join the wish he may get it?

"A man so various that he seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

may console and compensate Austria for the loss of a handful of territorial degrees in Italy.

In the days of Pitt there was a popular caricature of a certain gaunt Scotchman hawking himself about with the scroll,

"Wha wants me?"

It might be republished with a slight difference. But will the question ever be solved who wants him? France, after the most enticing overture, declines. All parties here pronounce the honor too great. Many as the vacancies are on the continent, will no one propose? Great men are greatly wanted, Heaven knows, at this conjuncture, when the little are carrying all before them as if the world had been suddenly changed into a Lilliput; and here we have had a Gulliver to let for the last fourteen years, and no bidding for him.

THE ARTIST'S MARRIED LIFE.

FROM some letters of Albert Durer himself, it is inferred that his married life was not a happy one; it is pretty well proved from an epistle of Pirkheimer, his friend and patron, that the Frau Durer was a selfish and ill-tempered woman, incapable of entering into her husband's views or appreciating his genius, except in a marketable point of view. It would seem that she worried him to work to make money as a fortune for herself after his death; and that her temper probably embittered the closing years of Albert's mother. Upon these hints, a journal kept by the painter, giving some account of his travels, and the biography and general character of Albert Durer, Leopold Schefer has founded his novel of *The Artist's Married Life*.

The subject, treated by an Englishman on a similar notion, would have given rise to a metaphysical fiction. The more childlike simplicity of the German mind, with its ethereal aspirations and profounder groupings, has produced a species of novel-essay. Assuming the facts as they stand in Dr. Friedrich Campe's "Relics of Albert Durer," Leopold Schefer undertakes to account for them, less in a philosophical than a speculative way. As is the case in most other explanatory or didactic tales, Schefer hardly succeeds in his self-imposed vocation. He expressly repudiates the idea that the "artist" is not fit for "the married life;" on the contrary, he considers it necessary to him both as an artist and a man: yet much of Albert's misery, if not exactly traceable to marriage itself, arises from his habits as a genius and an artist being counter to the ideas of an unenthusiastic woman, though with sense and character far beyond the average. At first the moral pointed would seem to be a warning against parental interference in marriage—for the match is made up by the fathers, without the young people's knowledge or consent; but this scarcely reaches the root of the evil. Attached as both become to each other—excellent, simple, and pure-minded as Albert is painted—daily habit and knowledge of one another's love would soon have got over the surprise of Albert and the little pique of Agnes at being given away so summarily. That it was an ill-

assorted match, is doubtless the true conclusion to be drawn from Schefer's premises; but how to avoid such is the question, unless the artist wait till his reputation be established and his peculiarities are looked upon with reverence. As is the custom in didactic novels of every kind, accidents and extremes are pressed into the service of the writer to produce his foregone conclusions; but perhaps a weak submission would be necessary to make an average woman satisfied with the following "goings on," especially when the family means were narrow and they were in debt.

Labor was life and delight to the master; for any one can make mention of his own industry as he would of a duty, and of the want of it as a sin of omission. But the artist is no machine, no mill-wheel that turns round and round day and night; his work is mental, and his works are mind, produced by mind. Thoughts and images slumber within him like bees in a hive. * * *

Master Albert now often dreamed and delayed whole days; sat down, rose up, spoke to himself, drew with his stick on the sand, or began to make an eye or a nose with black chalk; and then Agnes called him a child, or thought that, dissatisfied with her, he held converse with his own soul. Or he walked up and down in the garden, stood for a quarter of an hour at a time before the trunk of a tree, and studied its wonderfully-bursting bark; looked up to the heavens, and imprinted on his memory the forms of the clouds; or he sat before the door, and called thither handsome children, placed one quite in the shade of the roof, another only half, and made a third stand in the full sunshine, that he might adjust for himself the colors of the dresses in light and shade; or he accosted old men and women, who came to him just as if they had been sent by God. Then Agnes called to him, and said peevishly, "My God! why not rather work! thou knowest well we need it."

"I do work," said Albert. "My picture is ready."

"God grant it!" sighed she, as if he were lazy, or incapable.

But if the exact moral of Schefer is not very clear, he has written an almost charming book. There is no action in *The Artist's Married Life*. The incidents are few in number, and of an everyday character; deriving their interest from their connection with Albert Durer, and their influence upon his happiness, or from their exhibition of German life. In these two points, indeed, and the minute finish of the painting, the attraction of the book consists. Perhaps the spirit of the present age is too much substituted for that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: but the family pictures of the German middle class are exceedingly truthful; the character of Albert, his love for his little daughter, and his grief at her loss, are touching; and the whole, notwithstanding its sad and unsatisfactory character, is yet attractive, from the resigned submission of Albert Durer, and the manner in which the author stops short of the painful.

From the Spectator of 29 April.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF OUR COLONIAL ENCUMBRANCES.

SIR William Molesworth has notified for some day after Easter, a motion, "to call the attention of the house to the subject of the colonies, and to submit to the consideration of the house a motion with regard to colonial government and expenditure." It is indeed high time that the whole system included in these words should be revised. The actual state of matters is disastrous and fraught with danger. Some colonies, like the great West Indian group, are sinking to ruin under English mismanagement; others, like Canada, have been exasperated by a fast and loose policy, and kept in an intermittent fever of disaffection; the great Cape colony has been laboring with a tedious and vexatious border war, the legacy of long misgovernment; not a colony of the Australian group but has its grievances; New Zealand is barely struggling to preserve an existence, almost destroyed by its "government;" everywhere there is official injury and popular discontent—to the mother-country expense, to the colonies vexation and loss. Meanwhile, the pleas on which the existing colonial system was based have slipped from under it: emancipation has undermined the West Indian colonies, and free trade has revoked the conditions of emancipation; free trade has annulled the protective part of the colonial system, and the repeal of the navigation-laws will abolish its last remnant. The present machinery of administration grew up with that system; yet it is retained after that system is virtually extinct. Mother-country and colonies are a mutual burden—the colonies expensive, the mother-country a hindrance to every kind of development which she ought to foster. "We must retrench our expensive military protection," cries the English legislator. "Abate your injurious authority," retorts the colonist.

The maintenance of imperial authority, indeed, is rendered difficult, since it is very difficult to show the *quid pro quo* that the colonies receive in return for their allegiance. What good, for instance, do the West Indian colonies derive from the connection with the mother-country, since emancipation has destroyed their property, and free-trade has abolished their exclusive market? Again, the New Zealand settlers were quite prepared to make out their own case—to organize their own government, enforce their own laws, and defend themselves; the government interfered only to *disorganize* the government, bring the laws into contempt, and *prevent* the colonists from efficiently defending themselves.

On the other hand, it is equally difficult to make out what advantage the mother-country derives from her colonies still dependent, which she does not derive from her independent colonies, in return for the immense expenditure, civil and military, in their name. It is no longer exclusive trade—it is not waste lands for settlement, since they are barely used; and the United States absorb

more emigrants than the whole of our own dependencies together.

"Cast away the useless encumbrances," cries the English economist; and the actual state of the imperial finances lends force to the appeal. The reflex of the revolution which is spreading over the world as fire over a prairie imparts a new force to the cry of the colonists—"Separation!"—like the portentous sound which Pallas Athena threw into the voice of Achilles.

But violent premature dismemberment would be hurtful to all. It would ruin the prestige of England, on which so much of her moral influence depends. It would alienate forever resources which are still invaluable, though they lie in abeyance. It would cut off the colonies from the great source of instant prosperity and rapid growth. It would leave the West Indies to be absorbed in the United States, to the detriment of the colonies, the destruction of negro freedom, and the gain of not even the "annexing" republic. It would leave New Zealand to be appropriated by France as the key to the Southern Ocean. If a spark of wisdom or public virtue remains in England, none of these results will be hazarded. To that remnant of sense and virtue Sir William Molesworth is to make his timely appeal; and it is not our intention to anticipate the details and reasoning by which, doubtless, he will illustrate his subject; but an examination of the principles that bottom the question may prepare our readers for its consideration.

The nature of colonial relation with a mother-country is determined by the essential conditions of colonial existence: the mutual claims are determined by the mutual benefit; and unless the relation be based on that substantial ground, it cannot survive times of trouble. What, then, are the essential conditions of colonial existence?

A colony is a domain pertaining to a civilized state, which begins by being a desert and ends by being a copy of the parent state. The rapidity of its growth is determined by the nutritive powers of the parent. So long as there are vacant lands in that colony unsettled, so long does the mother-country retain an interest in the colony as the recipient of its redundant population. The land, at first, manifestly belongs to the parent state: the early settlers and each relay of emigrants owe allegiance to the parent state, and some gratitude for being permitted to appropriate those lands; which they cannot appropriate except under cover of the power and authority of the parent state, or else other great states might also appropriate those lands and subdue the settlers.

The benefit which colonies derive from the colonial relation is the direct nourishment from the parent state, in the shape of organized authority, accumulated capital, and trained labor; all three things of slow growth, if left to mere internal development. The independent colonies, the United States, draw capital and labor from this country; but not so advantageously as colonies still connected might under a good system of colonization.

because capital would have its guarantee under a perfect union of laws and authority between metropolitan and provincial states, and the supply of labor would be assorted according to the wants of the colonists, not only according to the expulsive tendencies of overpeopled districts.

This connection implies the correlatives of authority and protection; but *what* authority, *what* protection?

The authority should secure the due use and development of the colonial resources—the due administration of lands available for settlement; the perfection of every facility for intercourse, political, commercial, and personal, between mother-country and colony, as though the colony were “an integral part of the empire;” the development and training of the colonial community in all the duties of citizenship—self-government, self-support, self-defence. Such an authority would maintain itself, not by limiting or restricting, but by unfolding and strengthening, the energies of the colony, so that the connection would be a manifest source of welfare and strength to the dependency. The colonists would be trained to self-government by the freest institutions, by the appointment of colonists to the highest offices in the local administration, even to the highest of all. No demand would be made on the home government for “civil” expenses. Absentees would cease to be absent, if the colonies became fields of honorary distinction; as indeed they might be made the road to distinction at home. In this way the colony, advanced to maturity, would be an ally bound by every endearing tie of tradition and self-interest to be the close friend of the parent state; “separation” being neither sought nor dreaded, but superseded by equal federal companionship.

No demands would be made for military expenses. The protection accorded to a colony with strength thus developed would consist, mostly, in the latent power of the mother-country. There is not a settlement we have that would not be able and proud, with adequate political institutions, to undertake its own defence against surprise. Against attacks from great states at war with the parent state, it might be protected from home; no force could be directed against even our most distant colony, New Zealand, which might not be counteracted by a force from England, for the special service. Such was the case with the New England colonies, whom we find undertaking to furnish men and money so early as 1643, on the confederation of the states against Indian or Dutch aggression; and even in the special services, the wars of England against France on American ground, the states furnished their contingents; “royal Americans” fought under Wolfe at Quebec. There is not a colony that would not emulate the New Englanders.

We have indicated the essentials of a colonial relation neither costly to the mother-country nor oppressive to the dependency—one, in fact, under which the colonies of Great Britain would not cost the mother-country a shilling, but would on the

contrary swell her strength, reciprocate her commerce, and augment her resources. What hinders us from setting free these essential principles, that they may work truly? The obstacle is the *Colonial Office in Downing street*; that it is which prevents the proper government of the British colonies, foments disaffection, and renders them costly encumbrances. It is thus that the colonial office costs this country many millions sterling every year, and endangers the integrity of the empire. We will show how.

LIEUTENANT BARNARD'S THREE YEARS' CRUISE IN THE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL.

LIEUTENANT BARNARD was employed during the years 1844, '45, and '46, on the eastern coast of Africa between the Cape of Good Hope and Zanzibar. The principal object of the service was the suppression of the slave-trade; but the Lient. was also employed in carrying troops and stores from the Cape to different scenes of action during the Caffre war. In the course of his cruises he visited the Mauritius, the different ports within the colony of Southern Africa, parts of the island of Madagascar, and the adjacent islets or groups. The principal station, however, was the Portuguese district of Mozambique, especially the town Quillimane, the head-quarters of the trade of the country, and particularly of the slave-trade. It was here that Mr. Barnard was continually employed, sometimes in getting ship-stores, sometimes in excursions and pleasure-parties, but always in picking up information touching slave cargoes and expected slavers: in the course of which service, “bribery and corruption,” fibs and stratagems, with all the other arts that “are fair in war,” appear to have been exercised—necessarily, no doubt, but still not quite looked for in expeditions undertaken with moral and religious objects.

The next morning, soon after daylight, I visited Said Hamza, and paid him thirty sovereigns for his information. What a fright he was in! and how I laughed at his ludicrous speeches, such as, “Now, Mr. Barnard, you make your face white, all the same as if you hear nothing; and s'pose anybody ask you if Said Hamza tell you anything; you say, he, poor fellow! what he know! I not ask him.”

In the evening he was sitting in the porch at Senhor Isidore's when I popped upon him unexpectedly, and his confusion was beyond all description. He changed color like a chameleon, and looked black, blue, yellow, and green by turns; which highly amused me after his morning lecture.

In the course of the day, I as usual wandered about, whilst the Portuguese were taking their siesta, fishing for information; and in the course of conversation with the person from whom I had been in the habit of purchasing stock, I found that she had been accused of telling me about the brig; and I immediately pointed out to her how much better it would be if she really would give me information, and pocket a good round sum of money, instead of bearing all the odium without the reward; and I promised to call again in the evening after she had had time to consider and consult with her friend, whom I had kept a look-out on for some time, knowing he was rather a loose fish. Accordingly,

I found them, when I called, in deep consultation; and after a little beating about the bush, they consented to inform me from time to time of the movements of the slaves, who are constantly kept in readiness in the neighborhood of Quillimane, to march to any point where a vessel might appear. This would give a cruiser ample time, as they could not get off under several days.

The substance of the book is founded on the letters written by Mr. Barnard to his friends at home; or it is the letters themselves, with formal alterations sufficient to throw them into a connected shape. This gives an air of truth and reality to the narrative, but occasionally flattens it by personal or commonplace matters. Lieutenant Barnard is a good-tempered, active, enterprising sailor; a diplomatist in his way, as we have seen; zealous on duty; and with a constitution able to stand the exposure, night dews, and duckings of a harassing service in a pestiferous climate, though not without undergoing an attack of fever. His turn, however, is not to literature or to those scientific studies which give subjects to observe and precision in observing them. Hence the book is hardly equal to the writer's opportunities. Variety and interest is imparted to the volume by the freshness of the field, the novelty of the scenery and the people, the continual shifting of the scene, and the frequent introduction of remarkable if not always very respectable characters, with whom Lieutenant Barnard makes his readers as well acquainted as he is himself. There is also a good deal of incident; pursuits of slavers, hair-breadth escapes, interviews with barbarian potentates, an attack by savages on boats, and finally the destruction of his last ship, the war-steamer Thunderbolt, by going ashore, and the indefatigable efforts made to save her. The following example of working with a will took place at Mozambique during the time Mr. Barnard was in the steamer.

On the 14th, finding that the wood and water did not come off fast enough for our English ideas of doing work, I was sent on shore to endeavor to purchase any old wrecks or wood on the beach; and I succeeded in getting a large dow, apparently about 100 tons, built of very hard wood and strongly fastened with iron. The breaking her up seemed at first rather an arduous task, and everybody I asked told me I should take two days and a half; the Portuguese said a week; however, we set to work with a will about eleven, A. M., and by two, P. M., the beams being all sawn through, we got two ropes on her; got all our hands and about three hundred blacks on them, and roused her broadside out. By five, P. M., she was demolished, and two thirds of her on board the ship.

The scene on the beach during this operation was one of the most exciting and amusing I have ever witnessed, and will long be remembered at Mozambique as an astonishing proof of English strength and perseverance. Our large powerful stokers, with arms like legs, making enormous sledge-hammers fly round their heads like paddle-wheels, rending large masses of timber at every blow, appeared like giants to the poor half-starved looking devils

who are obliged to have a slave to open their eyes of a morning. Hundreds of men, women, and children, were employed knocking out the nails with stones; and for every nail they had to carry a load down to the boat; for which purpose I kept a quartermaster constantly loading them, so that the dow appeared to be actually walking into the sea. Poor darkie entered into the spirit of the thing, and when large masses came down with a crash they yelled with delight.

Of the probability of suppressing the slave-trade off the Mozambique coast, Mr. Barnard speaks thus discouragingly—"There are so many rivers and inlets on this coast which a man-of-war cannot approach, that we might as well try to alter the currents in the Mozambique Channel as stop the slave-trade with sailing-vessels." His facts seem to us more in equilibrium than this opinion would imply. From the nature of the surf-beaten shores, and the bars that obstruct the mouths of the rivers, the embarkation of the slaves appears a more difficult task than on the western coast of Africa. If we put aside all idea of expense, and the loss of English life, it would seem that the difficulties of carrying on the slave-trade from Mozambique might be rendered so great by numerous and active cruisers, that it might possibly be stopped. On the other hand, the profits are so large to all concerned, (a governor of Quillimane made 60,000 dollars in a month, by speculation and slave-fees or bribes,) and the whole community is so demoralized, that it is very probable additional squadrons would merely add to the miseries and mortality of the slaves. Their price in Africa would fall; a still greater risk would be run on the more valueless cargo, and still larger numbers packed on board the slavers, if that be possible.

THREE POETS IN A PUZZLE.—I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement, as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessor; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on, for he said it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar! Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and, understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this," when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.—*Cottle's Life of Coleridge.*

DR. WILLIAM DODD.

June 25th, 1777.

In the year 1777, the public mind was strongly excited on finding a clergyman of celebrity and superior abilities convicted of felony, and placed under a sentence of death. That unhappy man was Dr. William Dodd, whose preaching and authorship had long rendered his name familiar to all classes of people. His publications were numerous, amounting to upwards of fifty, among which was a valuable Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, in three folio volumes, which he had compiled from various sources, especially the inedited papers of Dr. Cudworth, (which he by mistake attributed to Locke,) and those of Dr. Waterland. He took a very active part in the erection of the Magdalen Hospital, for which he acquired a just popularity; and his ministry attracted many hearers. Vanity, accompanied by a lavish expenditure, was his ruin. Being pressed with pecuniary difficulties, he committed an act of forgery upon the Earl of Chesterfield, who had formerly been his pupil, for which he was condemned to be hanged; and all attempts to obtain for him even a commutation of punishment were unavailing.

No class of people under heaven had a livelier interest in the compassion of Mr. Charles Wesley than the guilty victims of law, among whom the humane and once-popular Dr. Dodd now took his place. In the days of his prosperity he had often cast a slur upon Mr. Wesley and his creed; but in his trouble and humiliation he sought the counsel and asked the prayers of the itinerant and field preacher. Mr. Wesley visited him in prison, found him with every mark of true penitence, and had a cheering hope that he obtained mercy at the hands of God, though the law and its administrators were inexorable. The yearning and devout piety of Mr. Charles Wesley's heart is particularly manifest in the verses which he wrote on the mournful occasion. His tender solicitude ceased not until the repentant transgressor was placed beyond the reach of all human help.

While the doctor was under sentence of death, Miss Bosanquet, who was afterwards married to Mr. Fletcher, carried on a correspondence with him on the all-important subject of his personal salvation; and few persons were better qualified to give him the advice and encouragement that he needed. Mr. John Wesley intimated to the doctor in his cell, that perhaps some such humiliating process was necessary to bring him to repentance, and to a believing acceptance of Christ as his Saviour from sin; and it is edifying to see the critic, the orator, the commentator, the elegant scholar, meekly receiving instruction from a sensible and devout lady, who from her own experience could explain to him the nature and fruits of justifying faith. She knew "the sinner's short way to God"—a secret which an erudite teacher never understood.

He highly appreciated her Christian services, and for her satisfaction sent her the following note:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On Friday morning I am to be made immortal. I die with a heart truly contrite, and broken under a sense of its great and manifold offences, but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ. My earnest prayer to God is, that we may meet and know each other in that kingdom towards which you have been so long and so happily travelling. I return you my most affectionate thanks for all your friendly attentions to me; and have no doubt, should any favorable opportunity offer, you will remember my excellent but most afflicted partner in distress. I do not know where to direct to worthy Mr. Parker, but beg to trouble you with my dying love and kind remembrance to him. The Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Amen.

The importance which Mr. Wesley attached to this document may be learned from the fact that he treasured up among his papers a copy of it in his own handwriting. On the morning of June 27th, 1777, the day of the execution, he wrote the following impressive stanzas:—

Refuge supreme of sad Despair,
The outcast's Hope, the sinner's Friend,
For him we breathe our latest prayer,
Whose life hath reached its shameful end:
For him we in thy Spirit groan,
And bear our burden to the throne.

The mercy which he sought from man,
From cruel man he could not find;
But can he ask thy grace in vain?
Lover and Saviour of mankind!
Thy mercy and Thy grace impart,
And fill with peace his happy heart.

Give him the sting of death to feel
With all his cancell'd sins removed;
Now in his soul thyself reveal,
So dearly bought, so dearly loved;
Challenge his parting soul for thine,
And swallow up death in life divine!

What Mr. Charles Wesley thought of the ministers of state, who turned a deaf ear to the cry for mercy in this most melancholy case, may be learned from the following lines, which he wrote "after the execution."

Ah, who the ways of Providence can know,
Distributing or good or ill below?
M——d consents that murderers shall live,
And Sodom's sons the royal grace receive;
Mercy the merciful cannot obtain,
And contrite Dodd for mercy sues in vain!
But, lo, the righteous Judge shall quickly come,
And every soul receive his equal doom,
Who mercy now to penitents deny,
Guilty yourselves; and soon condemned to die,
(Yourselves to felons if ye dare prefer,)
Judgment unmix'd ye for yourselves prepare,
And death eternal at the last great bar!

It will be observed that Dr. Dodd, in his last note to Miss Bosanquet, requests her, should it ever be in her power, to befriend his bereaved wife. With this touching request there can be no doubt that Miss Bosanquet would be ready to comply. But her aid could be of little avail. The loss of Dr. Dodd's character, his imprisonment,

his trial, his condemnation, the suspense connected with the unsuccessful attempts to obtain a commutation of punishment, and, above all, the terrible execution, were too much for the affectionate and sensitive mind of Mrs. Dodd to sustain. Reason fled; and this unfortunate lady died a maniac at Ilford, in Essex. Such were the bitter fruits of unsanctified pulpit popularity.—*Life of Rev. Charles Wesley.*

From the Commercial Advertiser.

REMINISCENCES OF BRAZIL.

Rio de Janeiro, March 18th.

THIS morning, while enjoying the first of the sea breeze in one of the pleasantest rooms of Hotel Pharoux, in company with several countrymen, we discussed a projected ascent on Corcovado as though it was a matter of some import; when one of our number, a Boston gentleman, rather favored in the length of his nether extremities, who being a great walker had climbed to the top of almost every mountain in the neighborhood, rather contemptuously proposed, that if any one would accompany him he would immediately set out, notwithstanding the sun being nearly at meridian it was the very worst part of the day for such an excursion. Having by this time become inured to the sun in this latitude, and preferring on such an excursion but one companion, I accepted his challenge; and we immediately set about preparing for the trip.

Corcovado, or Humpback, is a mountain of the peculiar shape indicated by its name; its height is about two thousand five hundred feet, and it forms the back ground in the panoramic view of a large portion of this city, over which it seems to frown like some great spirit.

Dressing ourselves as lightly as possible, our pockets containing an ample lunch, we set out. Passing over the burning stones of the city, we soon stood beside the convent of Santa Teresa, situated on the first high ground. After enjoying the sea-breeze here a while, we continued slowly to mount, until arriving at a point where the aqueduct runs nearly on a level for two miles; we followed this, frequently dipping our drinking cups into the gurgling stream flowing on toward the city. This aqueduct was built about a century and a half since, by the Portuguese; it is a solid structure of masonry, in the form of an extended arch, through the bottom of which flows the stream; immense arches, as of a bridge, are thrown up in the city where the work crosses between the heights; its length, finished in this manner, is perhaps two leagues, the whole being about four.

In the city are eight or ten large, and some of them quite elegant, superstructures, from which is perpetually gushing pure mountain water; these fountains are continually surrounded by blacks, water carts, etc., filling their utensils for distribution of the element through the city. When we take into consideration that most of the stone of which this aqueduct is built, was, (as appears to have been the case,) brought from Portugal, we must acknowledge that the enterprise which projected and carried into effect the building of our Croton duct has had more than its precedent in this. It also shows what must have been the views of the Portuguese at that time, when they expended so much for the improvement of a provincial town; evidently that they saw in Rio Janeiro the future seat of their own government. The removal of

Don Joao 6th and his court to this city, although they returned to Lisbon, goes to prove this fact. The subsequent declaration of independence and the coronation as emperor of his son Don Petro 1st, secured to this country a royal government; its emperor is the only monarch on this side of the Atlantic who can boast of European blood royal. Whether the government has been favorable for the growth of this empire, I leave to the history and present state of the country in comparison with its neighbors of the western world to prove.

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On our left, raising its head almost to the clouds, was the Corcovado; intervening between which and ourselves seemed an impenetrable forest; the prospect of this, however, was refreshing, for in it we hoped to be sheltered from the now perpendicular rays of the sun. The beauty, the awful stillness caused by the scorching heat, the extent and contrast of that noonday scene, will ever be stereotyped in my memory; it must be seen under similar circumstances by one from our northern clime to be appreciated.

Entering the forest, we now commenced in earnest the ascent, though having sufficient time before us, we rested every few minutes, and cooling our mouths with the pure water which flowed so abundantly at our side, we found ourselves much refreshed. After continuing this ascent about an hour, we came upon an extended table land inhabited by several market farmers. Turning now to the left, we parted company with our friend the aqueduct. Now indeed did the steep ascent commence, which at every step grew more perpendicular: we continued, however, to advance slowly, until finally our efforts were rewarded by finding ourselves at the summit. This is a huge conical rock, having an area of perhaps three hundred feet. Exhausted with heat and exertion we threw ourselves on the rock to rest before taking our first look. And well were we repaid for our fatigues on rising; for a view was presented to our eyes unsurpassable in beauty and interest.

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DR. WILLIAM DODD.

June 25th, 1777.

In the year 1777, the public mind was strongly excited on finding a clergyman of celebrity and superior abilities convicted of felony, and placed under a sentence of death. That unhappy man was Dr. William Dodd, whose preaching and authorship had long rendered his name familiar to all classes of people. His publications were numerous, amounting to upwards of fifty, among which was a valuable Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, in three folio volumes, which he had compiled from various sources, especially the inedited papers of Dr. Cudworth, (which he by mistake attributed to Locke,) and those of Dr. Waterland. He took a very active part in the erection of the Magdalen Hospital, for which he acquired a just popularity; and his ministry attracted many hearers. Vanity, accompanied by a lavish expenditure, was his ruin. Being pressed with pecuniary difficulties, he committed an act of forgery upon the Earl of Chesterfield, who had formerly been his pupil, for which he was condemned to be hanged; and all attempts to obtain for him even a commutation of punishment were unavailing.

No class of people under heaven had a livelier interest in the compassion of Mr. Charles Wesley than the guilty victims of law, among whom the humane and once-popular Dr. Dodd now took his place. In the days of his prosperity he had often cast a slur upon Mr. Wesley and his creed; but in his trouble and humiliation he sought the counsel and asked the prayers of the itinerant and field preacher. Mr. Wesley visited him in prison, found him with every mark of true penitence, and had a cheering hope that he obtained mercy at the hands of God, though the law and its administrators were inexorable. The yearning and devout piety of Mr. Charles Wesley's heart is particularly manifest in the verses which he wrote on the mournful occasion. His tender solicitude ceased not until the repentant transgressor was placed beyond the reach of all human help.

While the doctor was under sentence of death, Miss Bosanquet, who was afterwards married to Mr. Fletcher, carried on a correspondence with him on the all-important subject of his personal salvation; and few persons were better qualified to give him the advice and encouragement that he needed. Mr. John Wesley intimated to the doctor in his cell, that perhaps some such humiliating process was necessary to bring him to repentance, and to a believing acceptance of Christ as his Saviour from sin; and it is edifying to see the critic, the orator, the commentator, the elegant scholar, meekly receiving instruction from a sensible and devout lady, who from her own experience could explain to him the nature and fruits of justifying faith. She knew "the sinner's short way to God"—a secret which an erudite teacher never understood.

He highly appreciated her Christian services, and for her satisfaction sent her the following note:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On Friday morning I am to be made immortal. I die with a heart truly contrite, and broken under a sense of its great and manifold offences, but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ. My earnest prayer to God is, that we may meet and know each other in that kingdom towards which you have been so long and so happily travelling. I return you my most affectionate thanks for all your friendly attentions to me; and have no doubt, should any favorable opportunity offer, you will remember my excellent but most afflicted partner in distress. I do not know where to direct to worthy Mr. Parker, but beg to trouble you with my dying love and kind remembrance to him. The Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Amen.

The importance which Mr. Wesley attached to this document may be learned from the fact that he treasured up among his papers a copy of it in his own handwriting. On the morning of June 27th, 1777, the day of the execution, he wrote the following impressive stanzas:—

Refuge supreme of sad Despair,
The outcast's Hope, the sinner's Friend,
For him we breathe our latest prayer,
Whose life hath reached its shameful end:
For him we in thy Spirit groan,
And bear our burden to the throne.

The mercy which he sought from man,
From cruel man he could not find;
But can he ask thy grace in vain?
Lover and Saviour of mankind!
Thy mercy and Thy grace impart,
And fill with peace his happy heart.

Give him the sting of death to feel
With all his cancell'd sins removed;
Now in his soul thyself reveal,
So dearly bought, so dearly loved;
Challenge his parting soul for thine,
And swallow up death in life divine!

What Mr. Charles Wesley thought of the ministers of state, who turned a deaf ear to the cry for mercy in this most melancholy case, may be learned from the following lines, which he wrote "after the execution."

Ah, who the ways of Providence can know,
Distributing or good or ill below?
M——d consents that murderers shall live,
And Sodom's sons the royal grace receive;
Mercy the merciful cannot obtain,
And contrite Dodd for mercy sues in vain!
But, lo, the righteous Judge shall quickly come,
And every soul receive his equal doom,
Who mercy now to penitents deny,
Guilty yourselves: and soon condemned to die,
(Yourselves to felons if ye dare prefer,)
Judgment unmix'd ye for yourselves prepare,
And death eternal at the last great bar!

It will be observed that Dr. Dodd, in his last note to Miss Bosanquet, requests her, should it ever be in her power, to befriend his bereaved wife. With this touching request there can be no doubt that Miss Bosanquet would be ready to comply. But her aid could be of little avail. The loss of Dr. Dodd's character, his imprisonment,

his trial, his condemnation, the suspense connected with the unsuccessful attempts to obtain a commutation of punishment, and, above all, the terrible execution, were too much for the affectionate and sensitive mind of Mrs. Dodd to sustain. Reason fled; and this unfortunate lady died a maniac at Ilford, in Essex. Such were the bitter fruits of unsanctified pulpit popularity.—*Life of Rev. Charles Wesley.*

From the Commercial Advertiser.

REMINISCENCES OF BRAZIL.

Rio de Janeiro, March 18th.

THIS morning, while enjoying the first of the sea breeze in one of the pleasantest rooms of Hotel Pharoux, in company with several countrymen, we discussed a projected ascent on Corcovado as though it was a matter of some import; when one of our number, a Boston gentleman, rather favored in the length of his nether extremities, who being a great walker had climbed to the top of almost every mountain in the neighborhood, rather contemptuously proposed, that if any one would accompany him he would immediately set out, notwithstanding the sun being nearly at meridian it was the very worst part of the day for such an excursion. Having by this time become inured to the sun in this latitude, and preferring on such an excursion but one companion, I accepted his challenge; and we immediately set about preparing for the trip.

Corcovado, or Humpback, is a mountain of the peculiar shape indicated by its name; its height is about two thousand five hundred feet, and it forms the back ground in the panoramic view of a large portion of this city, over which it seems to frown like some great spirit.

Dressing ourselves as lightly as possible, our pockets containing an ample lunch, we set out. Passing over the burning stones of the city, we soon stood beside the convent of Santa Teresa, situated on the first high ground. After enjoying the sea-breeze here a while, we continued slowly to mount, until arriving at a point where the aqueduct runs nearly on a level for two miles; we followed this, frequently dipping our drinking cups into the gurgling stream flowing on toward the city. This aqueduct was built about a century and a half since, by the Portuguese; it is a solid structure of masonry, in the form of an extended arch, through the bottom of which flows the stream; immense arches, as of a bridge, are thrown up in the city where the work crosses between the heights; its length, finished in this manner, is perhaps two leagues, the whole being about four.

In the city are eight or ten large, and some of them quite elegant, superstructures, from which is perpetually gushing pure mountain water; these fountains are continually surrounded by blacks, water carts, etc., filling their utensils for distribution of the element through the city. When we take into consideration that most of the stone of which this aqueduct is built, was, (as appears to have been the case,) brought from Portugal, we must acknowledge that the enterprise which projected and carried into effect the building of our Croton duct has had more than its precedent in this. It also shows what must have been the views of the Portuguese at that time, when they expended so much for the improvement of a provincial town; evidently that they saw in Rio Janeiro the future seat of their own government. The removal of

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aguable. Ships of the line lying in the bay were reduced by distance in size to mere cockle shells, while the many-oared barges, passing to and fro, appeared like so many centipedes creeping on.

The sea breeze, by this time in its full vigor, though at first quite refreshing, soon became rather too much of a good thing, almost requiring, as sailors have it, "two men to hold one man's hair on;" this finally drove us from our elevated position, obliging us to seek a secluded nook in which to enjoy our lunch. The report of guns again called us to the peak, when we enjoyed the sight of a general salute of the national vessels lying in the harbor, caused by the entry of a stranger. The effect was singularly beautiful, as the puffs of smoke issued from the sides of the vessels, concentrating in one general cloud over the harbor, which floated still below our level, the vessels by the distance rendered lilliputian in size, and their reports reduced to pop-gun feebleness.

We now began the descent, which, though requiring some care, we found decidedly easier than climbing up. At four o'clock we again stood on the table-land. We now followed up the line of aqueduct to its source back in the mountain. The water is conducted from many small springs into the general duct, which gradually increases in size as it approaches the city.

From this point, the botanical gardens, distant twelve miles from the city, appeared immediately under us, and by optical illusion seemed but a step from where we stood, although in reality our altitude above them must have been more than two thousand feet. Our spirit of adventure caused us to forget that, and no sooner was it proposed than we concluded to make the descent.

As no path existed, we at once set our faces downward. Being the youngest and most incautious of the two, I took the lead. We soon came to a precipice, after passing which safely we found ourselves at the top of another, and then another presented itself; and another, and another; now, it being almost impossible to return, we found we had a precipitous path indeed to contend with if we continued on; but having set out, we concluded to go through, difficult as it might prove to be. Our prospect now was truly interesting. Sunset approaching with almost no twilight in this latitude, the nights dark, the darkness naturally heightened by the thick foliage of the forest, all tending to urge us onward as rapidly as possible while daylight still served. Grown desperate by the continuity of precipices, and emboldened by having thus far passed them in safety, I now became almost fearless in my leaps, though checked by my cautious friend, who looked at the dangers with an older eye. I must confess that the prospect of passing a night in such a place, visions of snakes and other reptiles rising before me as of no very pleasing bed-fellows, served to urge me forward in haste, notwithstanding the danger of broken limbs.

At one time, it now being quite dark, after a circuitous and difficult descent over a steep rock, we found ourselves at the summit of another, apparently as tedious. Almost despairing of ever getting through our troubles, and rendered more rash thereby, I determined to get to the bottom of this in much less time; and in spite of my Mentor's cautions and entreaties, I hung off and dropped into the darkness. Fortunately, the branch of a tree some twenty feet below eased the fall, and I received no further injury than a slight bruise, not felt at the time. Being now at the bottom, by

looking toward the sky I could, in the small light left, direct my friend how to descend to the best advantage.

And again, thinking I had found an open path, I entered upon it; it proved to be a long flat rock with slight descent, over which water was running, and being covered with a kind of moss, extremely slippery, I soon involuntarily began to slide, and on attempting to stop slipped down; every moment increasing the speed, to result in I knew not what; but had every reason to imagine a precipice, over which I should be dashed to the bottom. On, on slid I, with increasing velocity, till a sudden shock told me my slide was ended, and I made happy in finding myself with bones unbroken, which was lustily testified to by shouting to my companion; his distant answer showed how far I had travelled in so short a time, which same query he put to me, and also how he should get to where I was; to my advice that he should sit down and do likewise he turned a deaf ear, and I had the pleasure of groping about this scene of my escape half an hour, awaiting his circuitous descent. I had come with such velocity as to be thrown over a deep chasm, about five feet in width, upon a flat rock lying some ten feet below the edge of the slide. It is singular that although, from the effects of bruises and sprains, we were both laid up next day, we at the time did not feel the slightest scratch. I had now to take a first-rate lecture from my friend, who, numbering more than twice my years, felt the danger of such desperate leaps more than myself; to the home question, what could he do if I should break my legs? I had no answer, and was therefore obliged to promise to be more cautious.

It was now nearly eight o'clock; we had been three hours getting thus far, and it seemed as though we should never see the bottom of our troubles. To the pitch darkness existing, was added the felicity of wading, in mud and water, (for we were walking in the bed of a stream as our clearest path,) among dead trees and branches, groping our way along, starting up now and then some bird or animal which fluttered or rushed past suddenly, causing us to start with fear that it might be some formidable enemy. Having now proceeded some time without encountering a precipice, we began to pluck up courage, which was heightened by finding a felled tree—now we felt we were again in the world.

By cautiously examining the ground, we found a slight path which we joyously followed, frequently groping on hands and knees for fear of losing it. But we were destined to have one more descent before arriving on level ground. By some accident we lost our path, of which fact we were made aware by one of us falling over a kind of steppe, the face of the precipice being formed by a succession of platforms, one above the other, varying in height from three to six feet. Being in total darkness, and ignorant of the formation or extent of these steppes, one or the other of us managed to tumble over the first three or four, which served to show the follower how to get down without falling. We soon learned our road and managed accordingly; after dropping over about twenty of these slight descents, we were made happy in finding about us signs of cultivation, and soon a path was detected, following which we came to a farm house. Two savage curs attempted to frighten us away, but being now in no mood to be scared by aught appertaining to civilization, each armed with a club, we approached the house unharmed.

On knocking, a red night-cap was protruded from

one of the jealousies with a gruff "*Quem he?*" "*Amigos,*" we answered; our tongue showing us to be foreigners, the question was quickly put, "*Donde vem?*" (whence came ye?) "From the Corcovado, down this side." "Senhores," said our friend of the night-cap, "did you say you came this way from the Corcovado?" "Sim, Senhor," we persisted in spite of his doubts; but as we were used up, and still four leagues from bed, we cut short our garrulous neighbor's conversation by inquiring the shortest road; and leaving him muttering, "*Estes estrangeiros sao diabos,*" (these foreigners are the devil,) we set out for the city.

Had our Yankee friends seen us now, as, contentedly whiffing our cheroots, and happily talking over danger past, we hurried through Bota Fogo toward our lodgings, well might they have gone on the other side, for hats, coats, trousers, boots, and in fact faces and hands, were in as tattered and torn condition as they well could be, and still hold together; the rags showing to advantage, except where they were well plastered over with mud. No wonder the porter at Hotel Pharoux at first denied entrance to two such objects. J. E. S.

From the Spectator, 3 June.

THE DUTY OF STATESMANSHIP TO EUROPE.

WE watch in vain for an European policy—a master policy that shall arise out of the turmoil, and compose the troubled waters with the hand of a wise power. Our own statesmen, if we can penetrate the obscure of diplomacy, appear to view the storm with insensate unconcern.

Yet they cannot, at least *all* of them cannot, be blind to the dangers which threaten the civilization and welfare of the world! All Europe is disorganized—opinions are let loose—passions are licensed: it is a time of danger and trouble, in which, if grave and courageous men do not advance to defend the right, violent extremes and brute force will seize possession of power, and turn it to their own uses. In France, while revolutionary idleness has arrested industry, national insolvency and growing pauperism are producing an immense disposable population, excited by the French military spirit and propagandism, and in a short time the only great exportable produce of France will be republican armies. Don't take our word for it—let the probabilities be gathered from the patent facts. Germany is torn by disputation in which no party seems dominant, except the duel-drilled students to whom the universal "row" is sport, and the spectacled professors to whom the conflicts of mankind are materials for intellectual speculation. Vienna is a prey to unaccustomed and unprofitable riot; and its fugitive emperor appeals forcibly to the retail-dealer spirit of watering-places and "fashionable resort" in order to bring about a reaction. Russia is patient, awaiting some state of matters in which she would be more at home. Italy is warring single-handed against the two-beaked eagle, and is troubled in her struggles by every sort of fear for the future; fear of internal treachery—from the madder republicans, who can undo a practical policy but cannot establish one—from the hereditary traitor on the throne of Naples,

who is still suffered to palm his fraudulent assurances on Italy; fear of aggression from without—from the despotic allies of Ferdinand—from the mischievous, destructive, and tyrannical republicanism of military France. Yet in Italy alone, where war is raging, do we discern the genuine statesmanlike temper and scope of view; that vigorous union of head and hand which can master the true meaning of events and command the active courage to encounter them.

The question of any great state is the question of Europe; if order, if sane councils, if wise power, can be firmly established in any region now convulsed, that mastery will perforce maintain itself against the assault of anarchy and extend itself to the other nations. But in no part is the national question so simply and distinctly presented, so matured, so well handled by the native people, as in Italy. It is well, therefore, that the question of Italy should be thoroughly understood. We presume not to dictate the policy that should grow out of a true intelligence—that must be determined by ulterior events; but we will do our best to make the English people understand.

In Italy, as in the rest of Europe, the events of the time are characterized by a remarkable distribution in the crimes of violence and the virtues of moderation. The class that most readily and uniformly resort to criminal violences are the "lowest" and the "highest"—the royal classes and the dregs of the population. It is so in Italy; Ferdinand gives Naples up to pillage by his Swiss soldiers and the lazzaroni; Austria, who used the peasantry of Galicia to murder the nobles, has also by preconcerted stratagems arranged wholesale massacres in Milan, in order to deter the people from political movement, even of the most peaceful kind—even from petitioning. The story had already been told; but it now has the voucher of the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, a man of unquestionable authority in every respect—of knowledge, acumen, and honor. He has published a narrative of the events at Milan in February, under the title of *I Lutti Della Lombardia*—"The Struggles of Lombardy;" and it is presented to the English public by his countryman, Signor Prandi.* The narrative places beyond doubt the atrocities by which Austria sought to maintain her authority in the last extremity. It also confirms, by distinct and authenticated documentary evidence, our assurance that the so-called "paternal" government of Austria was intolerable for its inexorable tyranny and its vexatious minuteness of restraint; while the pretence that Austria promoted the "material" welfare of Italy was a fallacy; she obstructed every attempt to promote the material welfare by a combination of the Italian governments. She even interfered by her agents to maintain tyrannical administration, and to obstruct material improvements within other states ostensibly independent. And when, at last, long years of discipline in penance

* "Austrian Assassinations in Lombardy. By the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio. Edited by Fortunato Prandi. Translated from the Italian." Published by Newby.

for past transgression, with the spread of political intelligence from Western Europe, have restored political virtue and vigor to the Italians, and have rendered the bondage unbearable, Austria has no better statesmanship wherewith to encounter the true statesmen of Italy, her princes, her nobles, her people, all now leagued against her, than base stratagems and sanguinary cruelty proper to buccaneers. D'Azeglio shows that in February, Austrian officials planned wholesale insults to draw out the people of Milan, bespoke beds at the hospitals, and in other ways prearranged a massacre—which did take place. The moderation, the self-possessed fortitude, were monopolized by the Italians; D'Azeglio justly challenges admiration for the spirit which made the Milanese, when they conquered the Austrians, abstain from taking revenge on the instruments of Austrian tyranny; not a single man among the insolent ministers, not a single goaler or policeman, was sacrificed.

"Italy," said Metternich, "is a geographical expression." What is "Austria?" asks D'Azeglio: "Austria is the empire—the twelve provinces, or states, or kingdoms, which compose it, and the thirty-six millions who inhabit it;" not the government of Vienna—"the few among the many"—"the living and permanent expression of the treaties of 1815."

* * * Treaties carried by force, and neither accepted nor signed by the parties really interested therein—treaties virtually abandoned; first, because you have yourselves violated them whenever you had the power, or it suited your purpose to do so; secondly, because those on whom you imposed them, by virtue of your power, have also on their side violated them when they could;—treaties which must perish by virtue of the same principle on which they were grounded.

In Italy, as in Europe, no reliance can in future be placed on these treaties as the basis of order; they are extinct, in motive, object, public respect, and technical validity. True statesmanship must concern itself with realities. Professional statesmen cannot restore the peace and order of Europe by official forms, by diplomatic circumlocutions or parliamentary evasions, like those of M. Guizot, who so well practised "the diplomatic art of retaining office." Treaties which ignore the natural arrangements of race—which affect to treat nations as "a geographical expression"—which stipulate only the "rights" of individual royalty and the privileges of bureaux—which provide no appeal for the people should their rights be invaded—cannot stand when those very people have their eyes open and the sword in their hands. D'Azeglio appeals on behalf of his countrymen to England and France.

Perhaps these two great nations—the arbiters and guides of civilized Christendom—may persuade themselves that the possibility of such events as have occurred at Milan proves that much remains to be done ere they can boast of true civilization. They may possibly seek the solution of this problem—"To find a method by which the people in

their relations with their rulers should under no circumstances be placed beyond the pale of the law; and by the term law, I mean not the civil or political law, but the law of Christianity—the law of nature—the law of humanity." * * *

I will repeat to the great nations in the van of civilization—So long as there can occur within your bosom such events as those of Galicia in last year and of Milan in this, without the possibility of check or punishment, your civilization is an illusion; its greatest blessing is withheld; its greatest want unsatisfied; its most important problem unsolved—namely, to provide the means of protecting the most sacred rights, even natural rights. Find some solution for this problem, or cease to boast of your civilization.

Observe, D'Azeglio appeals to England and France; the force of this appeal is made more intelligible by his editor Prandi, in an introductory preface—

There is no province in Italy where Austria, ever since 1815, has not carried on a permanent conspiracy against every improvement, and where she has not unhesitatingly marched her troops against us, in spite of the independence secured to us by the treaty of Vienna. Schooled by these repeated aggressions, the Italians at length learned that they had no chance of enjoying their just rights while Austria possessed any influence in Italy; and accordingly they have unanimously risen, with the determination *never to lay down their arms until she is utterly driven from the land.* * * *

From one end of the peninsula to the other, the Italians have declared their resolution to recover their independence, if possible by their own exertions, and in conjunction with their princes; but if they cannot in this manner attain their object, there are no steps they will hesitate to take—even to the proclamation of a republic, and the hazardous acceptance of the assistance proffered by the French.

Every attempt to thwart Charles Albert in his brave and patriotic enterprise—every endeavor to estrange the Italian princes from the national cause, or to disparage them in the good opinion of their subjects—can therefore do no good to Austria, and will only have the effect of promoting the progress of republicanism, French intervention, and general war.

And they would be right; even such means of escape are better than bondage under such a master as Austria was. But, happily, in the felicitous and eloquent language of D'Azeglio—"The Congress of Vienna, the great sheet-anchor of diplomacy, succeeded in but one thing—that is, in rendering all that it attempted impossible. Europe has destroyed all that was then established." Events have grown too strong to be dealt with by the jargon of diplomacy; and if peace and order are to be reestablished in Europe, in place of official routine to deal with forms, real statesmanship must come forward to deal with realities. Unless statesmanship do this—unless those who prize order advance to defend it by the means suitable—it will be a prey all over Europe, either to the hordes of vagabond anarchists, the "dangerous classes" of the cities in the west, or to the hordes of Russian barbarians that furnish the forlorn hope of absolutism.

DIPLOMATIC SECRECY.

THE official publication of more correspondence on the subject of the dispute between Sir Henry Bulwer and the Spanish government has occasioned a burst of indignant ridicule, on account of the evident suppressions. "It is an elaborate attempt," exclaims the *Times*, "to withhold the most essential part of the information which it affects to communicate." And the *Morning Chronicle* is still more sarcastic. There are, indeed, grounds for the allegation; it is obvious that some of Lord Palmerston's despatches—probably the cardinal and critical documents of the whole set—have been withheld. Some of the documents given are fragmentary; one breaks off abruptly with the word "states"—not giving what is stated. Every hiatus is a dark recess wherein the fancy may revel at will, and may presume all sorts of intrigues, insinuations, impertinences, or other diplomatic amenities. It plainly appears that Mr. Bulwer had the worst opinion of the Spanish government, sympathized with its most inveterate antagonists, predicted its downfall, and wished for the fulfilment of his prediction. It is equally clear that the government observed the coincidence between his views and those of its domestic enemies, suspected him, and wished him gone. Many pleasant things that may have passed on these topics are presumed to lie under the asterisks in the published copies; and much indignation is expressed, on all sides, at the withholding of such tidbits.

We do not see the special reasons for this particular assault on the foreign secretary. Often, indeed, we have condemned the system of secrecy by which the foreign office is permitted to render itself virtually irresponsible till long after the fact; but we have received little support in our animadversions; and the "discretion" or "indulgence" so carelessly claimed by the foreign secretary has been so easily accorded by parliament and public, that he may show established usage in favor of his practice. What great correspondence has not been marked by similar mutilations! Recollect the omissions in divers diplomatic blue books, such as those relating to the United States, to China, and indeed to every question of moment. Many old clerks in the foreign office will be quite astonished at the noise made about the suppressions in this new volume.

We suspect, however, that their astonishment is doomed to a more and more frequent renewal, until it be crowned by the enforcement of some fresh rule. The fact is, that public opinion on the subject is changing; people are awakening to a sense of their right to know what the public servants are doing in foreign parts. A notion is gaining ground, that it would be safer if public opinion were to overhaul and check the conduct of foreign affairs, instead of leaving it to the reckless and ambitious ingenuities of Lord Palmerston or the humors of ambassadors.

While newspapers tell so much—often *near* the

truth, if seldom quite accurate—open avowal of the real facts cannot often do harm, and must often do good. The mischief of secrecy is well exemplified in the present instance. Here are two countries on the eve of a squabble, if not in the midst of it, before the public of either had a suspicion of the fact. Nay, the usual preliminary to a declaration of war has been taken, and our ambassador has been *dismissed*. For anything known to the contrary, actual war may follow—may be already begun; and there are not wanting conjectures founded on the ominous silence of ministers. At the best, doubt and mistrust possess the public mind. Now we insist that a knowledge of the truth could not do so much harm as the doubts and irresponsibilities of secrecy have already done in this Spanish affair.—*Spectator*, 3 June.

From the *Spectator*, 3d June.

ANTI-SLAVERY AND FREE TRADE.

OUR slave-trade policy is one of the most extraordinary instances of national caprice upon record. Indeed, the whole history of that traffic, commencing, as it did, in the benevolent ingenuity of Las Casas, is most instructive to the student of political ethics. We prosecuted the traffic with zeal—forced it on our colonies—and owe some part of our "national greatness" to the wealth which accrued from it. We continued that course until the atrocities of the traffic had been dinned into our ears by the utmost perseverance of obstinate enthusiasm, not unminged with sectarian fanaticism. At last, the British trade in slaves was abolished.

The anti-slavery spirit did not die. We must abolish slavery itself, all over the world, beginning with our own colonies. Again long years of apathy; again a total subjection to a fit of pious furor. Anti-slavery was allowed to rule the councils of the nation, and everything must be given up to it—national policy, party politics; the sacredness of private property, commercial interests, parliamentary grants, ministerial predilections, free trade—everything, in short, that a nation can contemplate.

Yea, even the success of the measures themselves. They were carried out with such rashness—a rashness not the less because it was continued through protracted periods—that success was rendered impossible. Emancipation was so managed, that the experiment has hitherto failed, as a national exemplar of free negro labor; and the suppression of the slave-trade has been so carried on, that our interference has actually augmented its shocking horrors—multiplied its murders, *without* certainly diminishing the number of the slaves shipped from Africa. However, to fanaticism were accorded the name of emancipation, and the name of slave-trade suppression, and those were deemed enough.

Sated with success and sameness, the humor changed. "Free trade" possessed the country, and all must be sacrificed to free trade—party pol-

itics again, private interests, national traditions, colonial rights, parliamentary "consistency," ministerial predilections—everything, including even anti-slavery. *Inter alia*, the bigots of free-trade, forgetting the precept of one of their great teachers, seize upon the notion that sugar may be made cheaper; and so, to reduce the price of sugar by a penny the pound, our own sugar colonies are thrown overboard, and the anti-slavery policy after them—that policy for which such enormous sacrifices have been made. The touching little hand-bills, headed with a kneeling and chained negro crying, "Am I not a man and a brother?" once bedewed with the popular tears, are now an antiquated joke. Free-trade sports among the broadbrimmed hats, filled to overflowing with the inexorable wisdom of Manchester. The regeneration of the negro, on one side—the abandonment of our colonies and ruin of the proprietors, on the other—such things are for derision. Grave and substantial men of great London city meet to protest publicly against the ruinous consequences of these national caprices; and a Manchester broadbrim skims in among them to make sport of their deliberations, and exult in their discomfiture. Quakerism echoes the economist, that avowed apostle of pure "selfishness," and taunts the city with postponing money profits to generous philanthropy. The penny a pound on sugar is tangible wisdom; and the movable part of the public, which once ran headlong after the shadow of anti-slavery, is now mad after that smallest unit of lucre; ministers falling in with the crowd, and shouting the cry of the day, as peaceful folks do in a street riot, not with any thought of expressing convictions, but solely to save their bones or their pockets.

But the "penny saved" is not always a "penny gained," either in economy or morals. The *economical prospect* is, that, after a brief transition time, the odd "penny," taken from our own free-labor cultivators, will pass in monopoly to the planters of Cuba and Porto-Rico, who stimulate cultivation by the lash. The *moral certainty* is, that through our process of suppressing the slave-trade by an armed squadron, more lives are lost, more tortures inflicted, than would accrue under an open traffic in African flesh, regulated by the ordinary motives that induce men to care for their property.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 14, 1848.

Où allons-nous? whither drive we! is the common French exclamation. The vessel of state is among breakers, and all concord is wanting about direction or port. As yet there are no institutions; the republic is not born. The leading article in *La Presse* of this morning is prefaced—"Why a constitution?" The second main question is—*A quoi bon?* what would it be good for! The conclusion—*No constitution!* It is then explained how France could dispense with organic

laws. The editor of *La Presse*, Girardin, has just failed as a candidate for the assembly; so has de Genoude, editor of the *Gazette de France*, another pestilent demagogue. They commit enough of mischief with their journals. Girardin says that he has deposited in the Bank of France a sum transmitted to him from the French at New Orleans for the heroes of February: he withholds it until he has ascertained the application of the domestic contributions of the same destination. His own pecuniary reputation is not unimpeached.

Never was a civilized community in so strange a situation as Paris has been for the last five or six days. Every one is disturbed in the forenoon by awful rumors of plots and insurrections; immense *attroupements*, mob gatherings, each evening; all possible seditious cries and other manifestations; and then, charges of horse and foot, numberless arrests, and tardy dispersion until the morrow. The military commanders have employed new tactics. It was found that these convocations broke, indeed, before the bayonets and the advance of the cavalry, but managed to recongregate quickly at the corners of streets, and to close behind the public force. On Saturday they were suffered to remain in full throng and debate until between ten and eleven o'clock, when they discovered that they were encompassed by fifteen thousand troops skilfully posted. Nearly six thousand could find no egress; they were caught: *on ne passe pas!* The national guards searched numbers; those who bore arms were marched to prison, under the new decree; none were permitted to depart until dawn. An Englishman indignantly relates and complains in Galignani's Messenger, that he and others, including Americans, underwent capture in a restaurant in the neighborhood, when quietly at dinner: the captors conducted them to one of the official folds, from which they were not released before one o'clock the next day. The coffee-houses and restaurants have been, in fact, the head-quarters of the parties that supplied the mob with franks and watcheries. Hence the indiscriminate swoop by the police and the guards. Curiosity has proved "no joke" to many of both sexes: among the prisoners escorted to the prefecture, two *attachés* of the British legation, and an English lady in man's attire, are mentioned. Women are trodden down and seriously hurt, every afternoon, yet they continue to venture into the thickest of the concourses. *Ladies* crowd the galleries of the national assembly when the members hardly feel themselves safe in their fortress, with twenty thousand select defenders, of every arm, scientifically distributed in the neighborhood. Methinks, some timidity belongs to feminine delicacy. Should we admire boldness in a female, except in the performance of a duty?

Most of the twelve hundred persons arrested between the 7th and 12th instant, carried arms under their clothes, and not a few of them sums of money meant for distribution. The general and constant cry was *Vive Louis-Napoleon!* Hence the period is called the *Bonapartist*. This con

tinues. The great day was the 12th, when the pretender was expected to appear and claim his seat in the assembly. Its turmoil, *attroupements*, military array, and agitations of every sort, exceeded any since the revolution of February. The Festival of Concord, of the last month, which was to unite all the Parisians as brethren, seemed to be utterly forgotten. The guards and troops, occupying an extensive line and many distinct localities, on one hand, and the compact masses of workmen and rabble, on their side, bore the most menacing aspect; squares, (places,) streets, quays, the terraces of the garden of the Tuileries, were cleared by charges of the military; the prisoners became troublesome by their numbers rather than their resistance: in the end, however, no blood could be shown to have been spilled, save that of an officer of the guards, who lost three of his fingers by a pistol-shot—perhaps, it is said, from his own pocket.

The immense respective arrangements of authorities and conspirators; the martial operations; the turn out of the hundred thousand *blouses*; the well understood revolutionary purpose; the breathless expectation in which the assembly were held; generals in full uniform arriving from *reconnoissances* and exhortations; *aid-de-camps* entering, and then hastily despatched; consultations of commanders;—all this could not fail to grow a little ridiculous, the termination being so innocuous. It had, indeed, an important effect in the assembly; a great majority gave the secret-service money, and the vote of confidence, so called, which the executive commission required. Under the impression of the external tumults and dangers, that body ceases to be really deliberative elsewhere than in the committee-rooms, and scarcely there.

The suspicion is common that the executive commission created much of the wild agitation and fiery aspect of Monday, in order to carry their point. Lamartine's excitement and declamation in the tribune at the moment of receiving intelligence of shots at the commander-in-chief of the national guards—rushing bands of Napoleonites, and repeated charges of squadrons in every direction—inflamed the zeal of the assembly in the cause of the assailed republic, and settled all doubts, if not of the trustworthiness of the executive commission, at least of the expediency of riveting their responsibility by granting plenary powers. Lamartine's harangue was an elaborate exculpation of the provisional government. It fell on an incredulous auditory: the orator lacked, in the outset, his usual spirit—his peculiar *verve*; in one passage only—before he announced the demonstrations and incidents out of doors—did he seem himself, and produce a strong emotion. I translate the passage from the *Moniteur*:—

"Charges of treachery have been multiplied against the members of the government. For example, I have seen myself every day, in the journals, accused of having been an accomplice of those whom you will soon have to judge for the crime of the 15th May. It has been affirmed, I

repeat, that I grasped the hands of dangerous men—that I united with them in I-know-not-what miserable plot of faction—of which I should have been the first victim, with the largest share of infamy. When history shall reveal what I have done, and what I am proud to have done, as a member of the provisional government, it will be acknowledged that it was my duty, in order to have a national assembly, and to establish by persuasion a system of regular and legal liberty, to hold intercourse with the men who then possessed a certain degree of influence over the opinion of the masses—aye, of the masses, who, as yet, had not the sovereign centre of the national assembly by which to direct their ideas, confirm their sentiments, and regulate their conduct. Yes, truly, I did conspire with those men. I conspired with Sobrier; I conspired with Blanqui; I conspired with many others. Yes, I conspired as the lightning-rod conspires with the thunder!" This splendid figure, inspired by his poetical genius, elicited bravos and prolonged acclamations from the assembly. His maligners in the journals ask where the *conductor* was on the 15th May, when he omitted to protect the assembly against the irruption of the mob prompted by the Sobriers and the Blanquis.

Let me translate also for you a good description of the first scenes of the memorable 12th, Monday:—

"Early in the morning an extraordinary bustle prevailed in the neighborhood of the legislative hall; the throng increased vastly as the hour of opening the sitting approached. The bridge was entirely blocked up; strong detachments of troops guarded the gates and avenues to the hall. Louis Bonaparte was the theme of all the groups; every one had his story. The carriages that came up were explored to discover the hero of the day. He must be in one of them. The most *knowing* asserted that the government was resolved not to oppose his admission to his seat. In the interior of the hall the concourse was enormous; many persons who had tickets could not get access to the galleries. Would it be credited!—Madame Flocon herself (wife of the citizen minister of commerce) was obliged to beg hard for a place somewhere; and we do not venture to assure our readers that she succeeded. A flock of ladies invaded the diplomatic box, though the British ambassador did not surrender the seat which he occupies in it every day. Ex-peers and ex-deputies filled a large adjoining one; Admiral Mackau in the midst, with a young prince of Taiti, accompanied by an aid of the minister of marine. All was animation on the floor; all indicated a debate and occurrences of profound interest."

The business was opened by Peter Bonaparte, a representative, and a cousin of Louis. He denied that Louis was a party or in any manner privy to the tumultuous proceedings of the clubs and people in his name; he related that the prefect of police had verbally assured him that no measure against his cousin would be taken by the government; and he added, "Judge of my aston-

ishment in being informed, on entering this assembly, that exceptional measures were about to be proposed by the executive commission." At the opening of the session of yesterday, the president read to the assembly a letter addressed to him by the prefect flatly contradicting the statement of citizen Peter Bonaparte:—"I strictly keep within the limits of my official functions, and I respect those limits too much to have uttered such words." The citizen remained silent. On an election to the post of a vice-president of the assembly, the few adherents of Crémieux, (the ex-minister of justice,) offered him as a candidate in competition with George Lafayette. A large majority rejected the man under the stigma of falsehood.

The solemn asseverations of the two cousins of Louis, in the assembly, that he has not been connected with the flourish of his name, however sincere they may be, are credited, as to the fact, by very few observers. His two attempts at emperorship are not forgotten. Within the week past, three Bonaparteian journals have been created—one, undeniably, his authorized and immediate organ. Money and wine have been indefinitely lavished in his behalf in the streets and the tipping-houses. Ledru-Rollin, in his speech of yesterday, dwelt on the Bonaparteian *free-masonry*, instituted all over France, and on a scheme known to the government, which was strenuously pursued, of forming in the capital an imperial guard. His journals have inculcated that he must be *immediately* proclaimed *president*, at least, in order to save the republic. His votaries subscribed liberally to the intended workmen's monster-banquet. Three of the associates and principal agents of his two imperial descents on France, have just been arrested in the midst of funds, arms, and important documents relating to the new enterprise. There is an unbounded distribution of the Bonaparteian journals and pamphlets, and of his biography with a portrait—when not bought for two or three sous, they are given.

The police has ascertained that a host of votaries have been brought into the city, from the south, to assist in recruiting for him, and vociferating *Vive l'Empereur!* Emissaries are employed in the chief provincial towns with like means, and for the same end. I witnessed, last week, at St. Germain, the capture of one of them—a fluent and zealous fellow—by five of the *cuirassiers* of the garrison, whom he had endeavored to enlist. They conducted him, with the portraits of the Bonapartes under his arm, to the quarters of the lieutenant-colonel. His special organ is entitled, *The Constitution—Journal of the Napoleonian Republic*. It demands an American constituted democracy, and Louis as the first president.

On Monday evening, 12th, I returned from Paris to St. Germain, in the same car with General Montholon, the companion of his expedition to Boulogne, and of his imprisonment at Ham. Montholon held a bundle of the Journal on his knee. He dispensed copies, as *official*, to his fellow-passengers. He read to his neighbor a letter

from Louis, dated London, 10th, in which Louis mentioned that he would not appear in Paris until the point of his free admission into the assembly was decided. The general dilated on the extent and depth of the *prince's* political and administrative studies, and his peculiar qualifications for the presidentship of the republic—his only ambition! Montholon resides at St. Germain; he added that he was already pestered with visitors from Paris—good republicans—who solicited his interest with his prince for offices under the next régime.

La Constitution, of this day, gives us Napoleon Louis Bonaparte's Address, from London, to the national assembly, which was circulated on the floor, yesterday afternoon, by the agency of his minister elect, Crémieux. He protests against the abrogation of his election, and pretends, "in the presence of the national sovereignty," merely to the rights of a French citizen. He obtained, in the aggregate, about a hundred and fifty thousand votes. His addresses to the voters were placarded, in yellow, over the departments in which he was nominated. The government journals complain that spies and incendiaries, from London, infest the whole capital, and that well-dressed, and otherwise attractive, women—some English—are detected in passing Bonaparteian medals and emblems. Many pedestrians have been remarked with eagles in their hats. On Monday afternoon, the real king, or emperor, of the feathered creation—a noble specimen—perched on a roof of the Rue de Rivoli, near my domicile. It attracted the attention, and excited the watcheries of the multitude below—some of whom proclaimed its appearance as a "sublime omen." The story went, that it had escaped from the Garden of Plants; wiseacres suggested that the Bonaparte committee contrived the affair. The bird soon winged its way towards the Church of the Madeleine.

Yesterday, two of the most sensible and distinguished among my French acquaintance mentioned to me their impression, that the British cabinet supply Louis Napoleon with funds for the machinations of his votaries in France; and that the profuse donations of *cartridges*, by unknown persons, to the workmen, might be traced to the same source. Here you have the old tale of Pitt and Cobourg. Lord Palmerston's contingent fund cannot be larger than is now required at home. On Monday, the assembly voted the executive a credit of seventy-five thousand francs per month, *pour dépenses de sûreté générale*. Leon Faucher, an eminent member, exclaimed, in committee—"This year three and a half millions secret funds—strange début for a republic!" He continued—"For four months, now, the provinces have been without administration, regular or legal; insurrection is *en permanence* in all the great cities." The *Constitutionnel* affirms, positively, the concoction of a plot, last week, to march, under the Napoleon banner, (a lure for the masses,) to Vincennes, for the liberation of the prisoners—

Barbes, Blanqui, & Co.—and the proclamation of the *Red Republic* with those worthies, as a committee of proscription and confiscation. This object is deferred until the epoch of their trial.

Paris, 15th June, Thursday.

My record of Tuesday differs little from that of Monday. Prodigious atteroupements and bluster; the palace of the national assembly, and all its approaches, covered by the strongest military allotment; seditious cries, chiefly for Louis Napoleon, in every quarter; police and military *razzias* of brawlers and imprudent spectators; barricades here and there (two in the Rue Monthabor behind me) broken down and cleared by charges of infantry; posts attacked by armed men in *blouse*, for the rescue of prisoners—the total of whom, in the evening, amounted to some six or seven hundred. Ruffians attempted the lives of *sergeants de ville*, but were put to flight; on the terraces, in the garden of the Tuileries, the multitude, retreating before the *pas de charge* of the guards and line, heaped up a stupendous quantity of chairs, taken from the avenues; these mounds proved scarcely a moment's obstacle to the *en avant* of the captains of the troops. The great edifice of the Treasury, on the Rue de Rivoli, was besieged by the mob; its garrison quickly reinforced, and, when the *place de la Concorde* was cleared, the besiegers were routed, at once, by the same squadrons. A number of the individuals carried off, bore poignards and pistols. The gates of the Tuileries were closed at four o'clock, and piquets multiplied. Fancy a boundless city-camp; the perpetual sound of countless drums; the trampling of cavalry; the glittering of helmets and bayonets under a gorgeous sun. Our weather is beautiful—the moon-light provokes the confluence on the boulevards.

There was more danger on Tuesday than the day before. The assembly had to decide the question of the seat of Louis Bonaparte; his partisans—the desperadoes—resolved to turn their folly to account. The *condottieri de l'emeute*, as the loose rioters are designated, and the *badauds*, or ninnies, who expected his advent on a horse of his uncle Napoleon, all collected in their utmost strength. In the sitting of Monday, the proposal of the executive commission to maintain against him the decree of banishment of 1832, was welcomed with a chorus by the assembly. The inference was, it would pass on Tuesday; in this case, the conspirators against the assembly would summon the enraged masses to revenge the wrong at once; moreover, the guards had betrayed sentiments in his behalf, and might remain passive, at least, in the event of what they must deem an injustice; besides, could the troops of the line fail to sympathize with the Bonaparte cause? Two of the three committees who held the question, reported in his favor—one against his admission. You will remark, and perhaps copy, from Galigani, the interesting debate of the house. Ledru-Rollin pronounced an able, impassioned, orthodox

speech for the maintenance of the law. The assembly voted, nevertheless, his admission to the seat, by a large majority—thus reversing their sentence, by acclamation, of the day before, and quashing, as it were, their vote of confidence in the executive that demanded his exclusion. As soon as the unexpected news spread, the hosts—the menacing and the curious—began to disperse. Except ovations to some of the representatives, known to have voted in the affirmative, nothing happened in the evening worth particular notice. Yesterday was quiet throughout—a grateful respite for the rational and moderate classes. But the clouds gather heavily for this day. The assembly is lauded or vituperated for its conduct, in the journals, with the usual vehemence. It was, in fact, placed between two egregious perils—the fury of the mob and the rush of the conspirators out of doors, if they proscribed Louis Napoleon; his speedy presence, with all sorts of intrigues, directed to him as a centre, or tool, in case it consented to his admission. Various influences, explanatory of the decision, are cited—independently of the disposition of the legitimists and old conservatives, to aggravate public difficulty and confusion, and to *spite* the executive commission—purposes for which the *Montagnards*, the *Red Republicans*, gladly joined. A third danger now impends. The commission met after the vote, and nearly resolved to resign in a body. However, they were persuaded to await the result of explanations, and a sort of new vote of confidence, to be asked of the assembly this afternoon.

It is the general opinion of the journals of this morning that they will survive. The *National*, their chief organ, argues that they ought not to regard themselves as disavowed, or their authority with the assembly as impaired. But the special organ of Lamartine says: "We deem ourselves entitled to declare that there is one man in the government, and that man *Lamartine*, who will not deign to carry longer that *reed* of power which has been broken in his hands by the error of the majority's judgment. We are sure that he has already resigned *morally*; and that, if he has not announced his resignation in the tribune it is from reasons of state. He may remain longer at his post; but, from self-immolation, under the pressure of circumstances, and with the desire and determination to be relieved of his charge. For he has not accepted, and will not accept, at any price, the responsibility of the *Napoleonic* vote of the assembly."

The evening papers announced the resignation of Ledru-Rollin. This was, at least, premature. If the five members go out with the understanding that no one will consent to be reinstated, a terrible distraction in the public councils, and an increased civic confusion, may be anticipated. The game, or the chances, will be fine for Napoleon Louis. God save the Republic! Three additional millions of francs are asked by the minister of finance for the *ateliers*.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

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J. Q. ADAMS.